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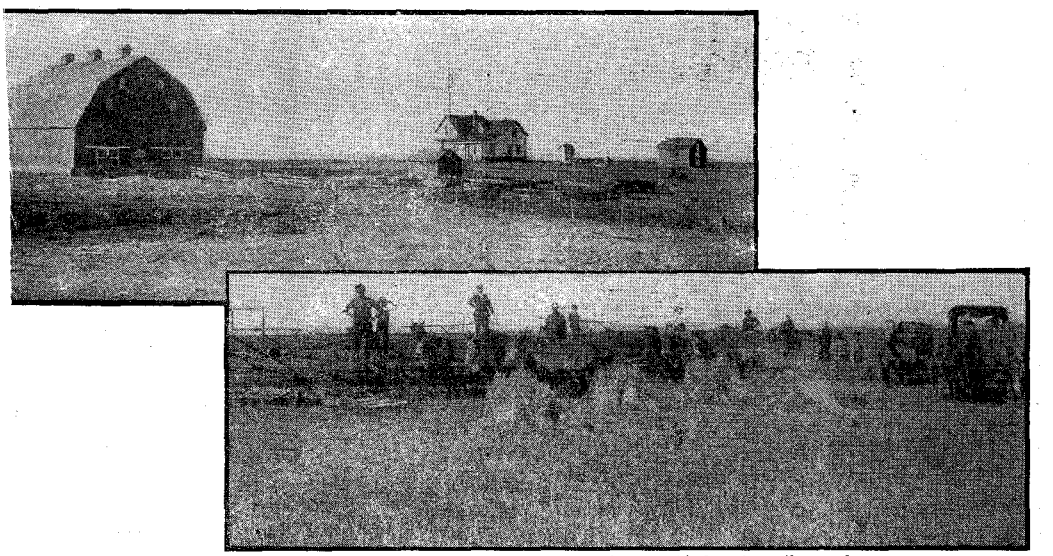

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The Outlook

1 MAY, 1909

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THE TURKISH CRISIS Last week was a critical one for Turkey. At the beginning of the week the opposition to the recent stroke of state was accentuated by the march on Constantinople of a great body of troops. They arrived outside of the city, and so immediate was their influence that a proclamation was issued by the two Houses of the Turkish Parliament sitting as a national assembly at San Stefano, near Constantinople, to the effect that the advance of the army conformed with the aspirations of the Nation, and any one opposing the advance would be severely punished. The meeting of Parliament at San Stefano emphasized not only the chaotic conditions obtaining in the capital itself, but also the historic importance of the little town which gave its name in 1877 to the treaty concluded between Russia and Turkey, an agreement annulled the following year by the Treaty of Berlin, under which Macedonia was handed back to barbarism. Among the troops surrounding Constantinople last week were many Macedonians and Bulgarian sympathizers. The influence of these troops was also evident in the action taken by the Sultan. He promised, so it is reported, to withdraw himself from administrative activities, to reform the personnel of the troops guarding his palace, and to replace the Constantinople garrison by troops from the corps in the city. On Saturday the Young Turk forces entered Constantinople, and after severe fighting, in which it is estimated that a thousand men were killed or wounded, found the capital within seven hours completely in their possession. When the shells began to drop within the confines of the Sultan's palace the commander of the forces there hoisted the white flag and opened negotiations for capitulation. Before night the Yildiz Kiosk garrison of 4,000 Albanians surrendered and the forces of the Young Turks marched in. The Sultan was unharmed. The Young Turks would like to have a change of sovereigns by the Sultan's voluntary action, knowing that any summary action on their part, especially any involving the Caliph's death, would cause a religio-political reaction throughout the Ottoman Empire and the Mohammedan world, imperiling the progress already made. The fighting took place in Pera, the quarter of Constantinople on the northern side of the Golden Horn. It comprises the Imperial Palace and the residences of most of the diplomats, and the principal hotels and shops. It is interesting to note that the northern boundary of Pera is the only section of Constantinople not guarded by the sea or by walls. The political situation seems now to have resolved itself into a contest between the Young Turks and the Liberal Union, the first representing the radicals and the second the moderates. The reactionaries are once more in hiding, and the Liberal Union has met with crushing defeat. The situation in Constantinople itself presents many features of hope.

THE MASSACRES Not so much can be said concerning the situation in the provinces, especially in Asia Minor, where the rumor that the new authorities were undermining the foundations of the Mohammedan religion has been sufficient to incite massacre. At Adana, in Southeast Asia Minor, where the fanatical movement originated, the pretext for the disorders was the alleged shooting by a revolutionary Armenian of three Turks. This was followed by a massacre, accompanied by the looting and burning of shops and houses. In the reign of terror which continued for three days, two American missionaries, Messrs. Rogers

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and Maurer, were killed. Finally the Government afforded protection, but order was restored slowly. Thousands of Armenians were killed. The movement then spread through the adjoining provinces. At Tarsus, for instance, the birthplace of St. Paul, a town of twenty-five thousand population, twenty miles west of Adana, the missions, especially the extensive buildings and yard of St. Paul's Institute, founded by the late Elliott F. Shepard, gave refuge to more than four thousand refugees, but in the Armenian quarter eight hundred houses were burned and a hundred persons killed. In the neighboring districts of Aleppo and Sivas the Christian villages were attacked by Kurds, Circassians, and nomads. At Antioch the male Armenian population has been practically wiped out. Kirikan, a suburb of Alexandretta, an important port in that part of the Mediterranean, has been sacked and burned; it is reported that the entire population has been massacred. Alexandretta is forty miles from Antioch and seventy miles from Aleppo.

AMERICAN AID FOR ASIA MINOR

As soon as the definite news of the massacres in Asia Minor reached this country, two measures of aid were instantly decided upon, the first by the Government, the second by the Mission Boards. To afford all possible protection to American citizens and their interests in Turkey, the Administration decided to despatch a special cruiser squadron to that country. The squadron consists of the armored cruisers North Carolina and Montana, which have been at Guantanamo, Cuba, and the revenue cutter Tacoma, which is about arriving at the Azores. The immediate objective point of these vessels will be Alexandretta, on the Mediterranean, in close proximity to Adana, Antioch, and Tarsus. The journey from Guantanamo to Alexandretta is one of 5,700 miles. The vessels should complete this journey in about seventeen days. The relief given by the Mission Boards, however, is one of more immediate application. There are over 130 American religious, educational, and charitable institutions in the Ottoman Empire. At most of the schools in this list the attendance runs from 500 to 1,000. Some of these schools have been in operation for many years; and a great army of graduates are now teachers, and are exerting a Western influence. The success of American institutions in the Turkish Empire, especially in the Armenian part of Asia Minor, has excited Mohammedan jealousy. It was evident in the Armenian massacres of 1895 and also in the past fortnight's massacres. In each year it is difficult accurately to number the victims of any Turkish massacre, since the reports come mainly from the cities, and do not include the horrible work done in the villages. Present reports indicate that more than ten thousand persons have been killed in Asia Minor, that double this number are homeless, and that thousands of orphans must be provided for. The difference of race between the Turks and the Armenians has something to do with the hatred; but the main cause seems to be the difference in religion. In Asia Minor the proportion of Christians to Mohammedans is one to four or five; the great proportion of Christians are Armenians, then come the Greeks and the Syrians. Added to these causes of hatred, it must be remembered that the Mohammedans are slow-witted in comparison with the Armenians. The latter are the merchants of the country, and their wealth excites Mohammedan cupidity. We should aid not only our own citizens in Asia Minor, but the Armenians also. Responses to the appeal from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for a fund of at least $50,000 have begun to come in; the Board has already forwarded $1,000 by cable to the scene of the disturbances. The appeal is made on the broad ground of humanity, and with the understanding that it is not for the help of any mission or for the service of any one race or religion, but for the aid of the starving and the homeless in the region devastated by massacre and fire.

THE PERSIAN CRISIS

Last week was also a critical one for Persia. Affairs in that unhappy empire reached a point calling for international intervention. The British and Russian diplomatic representatives advised the Shah to pro-

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claim amnesty to all political offenders and to restore the constitution. The Shah delayed his reply. It may have been only a coincidence, but a detachment of Russian Cossacks immediately crossed the southern frontier and occupied the town of Astara on the Caspian Sea. This is the advance guard of the expedition which the Russian Government has decided to send into Persia because of the state of anarchy prevailing there. It is most marked in and about the city of Tabriz, a city of about two hundred thousand persons, the second in the Empire, where the Nationalists are attempting to force the Shah again to grant a constitution to the country. Tabriz is the chief city in northwestern Persia, not far from Mount Ararat, and has been much the most conspicuous center of the Nationalist movement. Some time since the Shah repudiated the constitution to which he had sworn fealty. Insurrections followed in several of Persia's thirty-three provinces; but that in Azerbaijan, of which Tabriz is the capital, was by far the most strenuous. Tabriz established a local government of its own. It denied the Shah's sovereignty so long as he repudiated the constitution. For months the city of Tabriz and the surrounding region held out against the imperial forces. The city is still beleaguered, but is fortunately not too far from Russian aid. During last week's fighting an American, Mr. Baskerville, who was acting with the Nationalists, was killed.

THE GERMAN NAVAL PROGRAMME

An extremely well informed German correspondent writes The Outlook that the question how many modern battle-ships Germany will possess in 1912 has been definitely answered in the German Diet by the Chancellor of the Empire and the Secretary of the Navy. Prince Bülow stated: "As stipulated by law, we shall have ready, at the earliest in the fall of 1912, thirteen new large men-of-war, amongst which there will be three armored cruisers." "I repeat emphatically once more," declared Admiral von Tirpitz shortly afterwards, "that in 1912 we shall have ready ten Dreadnoughts and three Invincibles, *i. e.*, thirteen large modern battle-ships in all, and not seventeen. I may add that this will be the case at the earliest in the fall of 1912, and not in February of that year." These statements, our correspondent says, are in perfect accord with the facts, known to every one who has carefully read the German Naval Act. How, then, could the British Cabinet form the idea that Germany would have seventeen Dreadnoughts at her disposal in 1912? This question has not yet been discussed in the British House of Commons. In all probability, however, it originated in a very peculiar miscalculation, caused by the neglect of the English statesmen to study thoroughly the German naval programme. As a consequence of certain conversations between Sir E. Grey and the German Ambassador in London, the British Cabinet was informed, before Prince Bülow's explanations in the Reichstag, that Germany, in the year mentioned, would have at her disposal thirteen modern ships. The English statesmen have made the mistake, evidently, of supposing that in this number only the modern battle-ships were included, but not the large cruisers. They consequently counted the three large cruisers of the Invincible class twice, arriving thus at the number of sixteen, to which they added the cruiser Bluecher. The latter, however, is not of the Invincible but of the Shannon size. If the Blücher is included, the same should be done with the corresponding vessels in England, and in that case a comparison will still more be in favor of Great Britain.

THE ENGLISH MISAPPREHENSION

The Opposition so misread these figures, our correspondent says, that Mr. Balfour arrived at the conclusion that there were to be twenty-five Dreadnoughts, proceeding from the supposition—since proved erroneous by Prince von Buelow—that Germany wants to accelerate her naval construction. He asserted that Germany has fourteen, or even seventeen, slips for Dreadnoughts, and assumed that she would launch eight Dreadnoughts every year. He disregarded the existence of a law fixing the number of Germany's war vessels. He drew his conclusions from what, in his opinion, was the capacity of the German

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ship-yards, instead of taking into consideration what they have been ordered to do, namely, to construct thirteen vessels until the fall of 1912. In still another essential point Mr. Balfour was misled by his erroneous deduction. He referred to a former statement of Admiral von Tirpitz in his address of December, 1907, in which he gave the average figures of the time required for shipbuilding in England and Germany, covering a period of several years preceding 1907. These figures showed forty-four months for England and forty for Germany. Meanwhile the Dreadnought had actually been constructed in twenty-seven months, and Mr. Balfour suggested that Germany could do the same with all her vessels. This, however, is not borne out by actual experience. The facts regarding the alleged acceleration of German naval construction are that not more than two of the four ships of this year's programme were accorded to two firms last fall. The contracts made by the German Navy Department, of course, depended on the necessary appropriations, which, in fact, have but recently been passed by the Reichstag. The reason which actuated the Department in taking this step was by no means military, but purely commercial. It aimed to prevent the formation of a trust and to secure favorable prices. It will be seen that, under the circumstances as here set forth, there is no intention of accelerating naval construction in Germany, even if the facilities of the navy yards were such as to make it possible. The British Cabinet has received detailed and exact information about all these facts through the German Ambassador in London. If nevertheless a panic has been all but provoked by erroneous statements promulgated in the British Parliament, the responsibilities for this wanton scare should not be charged to Germany. It is unfortunate that this statement of the situation from a German point of view was not before the English people before the recent agitation had gained such headway.

WHY NOT HAVE A SCIENTIFIC TARIFF?

Last week's tariff debate in Congress marked a definite turning-point in the appreciation by Congress of the necessity of having something other than a tariff hodgepodge. In the domain of natural resources, the country has now awakened to the need of dealing with some one natural resource—say a river—not piecemeal, as has been done in the past, but with proper regard for all of the benefits which the river may confer upon the people. Hitherto the River and Harbor Bill has meant the dredging of a river's mouth only to be filled up again by the best kind of top-soil swept down by floods and freshets from the bordering farms. The value of a river for irrigation purposes or for the development of hydraulic or electric power has been largely lost sight of in the frantic and spasmodic efforts made toward giving it some use for navigation. Now, however, under the co-ordination proposed by the Conservation Commission, a river is to be treated as a whole, and its development in any particular departments must yield a maximum of benefit with a minimum of interference with any one of the river's uses. Something of the same sort may happen to the tariff schedules, if the rate of progress now inaugurated should continue. Hitherto, in taking up a particular schedule, Congress has apparently thought, first, last, and all the time, of what it might do to secure the greatest possible protection to the manufacturer. Last week's debate conclusively shows that, even against the ablest advocate of special interests—Senator Aldrich—as leader, the opposition was able to convince the country that the "insurgents" in either house of Congress would deal with each schedule in a more scientific way than that of the "stand-patters." The "insurgents" would consider each schedule in the light, first, of the greatest amount of revenue to be obtained by the Federal Government; second, with the view of equalizing duties, as far as possible, to the consumer; and third—not first—for the purpose of encouraging American industries. In this connection a significant event of the week was the introduction by Senators Beveridge and La Follette, as amendments to the Payne Bill, of bills to create a non-partisan tariff commisison to gather impartially information concerning tariff rates and classifications. Under such a commission the whole country would doubtless be con-

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sidered—Government, consumers, manufacturers—rather than any one element. Thus the tariff would be no longer, as it has been, a conflict of local issues, always in some manufacturer's interest. During the debate on the Payne Bill in the House several "stand-patters" were converted to the tariff commission idea, and so strong has this sentiment become in the Senate that the conservatives themselves now propose a compromise; namely, a tariff bureau, presumably as a part of the Treasury Department. Such a Bureau of Tariff Research, composed of trained experts, would be a great advance on the present system, by which each protected interest furnishes information, This bureau ought to lead to a permanent, non-partisan commission.

A NEW PHILIPPINE TARIFF

The President of the United States himself has now submitted a tariff bill to Congress. It is a Philippine tariff bill. In the Senate it has been referred to the Committee on the Philippines, and in the House to the Committee on Ways and Means. In his message of transmission the President justly claims for the measure that it revises the present Philippine tariff, simplifies it, and makes it conform as nearly as possible to the regulations of the customs laws of the United States, especially with respect to packing and packages; that the present Philippine regulations have been cumbersome and difficult for American merchants and exporters to comply with; that the bill's purpose is to meet the new conditions to arise under the section of the pending United States tariff bill, which provides, with certain limitations, for free trade between the United States and the islands; finally, that the bill has been drawn with a view to preserving to the islands as much customs revenue as possible and to protect in a reasonable measure those industries which now exist in the islands. The President adds:

> The bill now transmitted has been drawn by a board of tariff experts, of which the insular collector of customs, Colonel George R. Colton, was the president. The board held a great many open meetings in Manila, and conferred fully with representatives of all business interests in the Philippine Islands. It is of great importance to the welfare of the islands that the bill should be passed at the same time with the pending Payne Bill, with special reference to the provisions of which it was prepared.

The Philippine Islands are dependent on certain taxes on imports from this country for a considerable portion of their revenue. It would be hardly fair to the Filipinos to take away this revenue and protection without giving an offset. Accordingly, General Clarence R. Edwards, Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, in transmitting the bill to the Secretary of War and through him to the President, calls attention to what is not as generally understood as it should be, namely:

> The result of the free admission of American goods into the Philippine Islands must revolutionize business in the Philippines, and unless the adoption of that policy is accomplished by a revision of the present Philippine tariff it will be disastrous to some important industries in the islands, and also result in such serious loss to the customs revenue as to embarrass the Philippine government.

Concerning the insistence of our manufacturers that the tobacco and sugar brought into America from the islands, free or at reduced rates, must be solely the product of the soil or industry of the Philippines, General Edwards says:

> The schedules relating to the introduction of tobacco, Sumatra leaf, and sugar are made identical with the pending Payne Bill, and therefore have removed the apprehension that these goods can be imported into the Philippine Islands at a less tariff rate and thence into the United States free as the growth and product of the Philippine Islands.

General Edwards adds that the proposed revision has the approval of the Governor-General and the government he represents in the Philippine Islands.

RAPID TRANSIT RELIEF FOR NEW YORK CITY

The New York Legislature has come to the rescue of the intolerable rapid transit situation in New York City. It passed last week an act amending the Rapid Transit Act which was proposed by the Public Service Commission. The amendments broaden the conditions under which the Commission may grant franchises for rapid transit lines. Under the present regulations as laid down in the Elsberg Law, subways

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may be built by private capital only in the single case of extensions to existing lines; otherwise they must be built with the city's money, or, which is the same thing, by the use of the city's credit. In either of these cases the franchise or lease may not be for a longer period than twenty-five years, with renewals of twenty years. It has been found that this period is too short to attract private capital; and attempts to build subways with the city's money have been prevented by the decision of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment that the municipality was too near the limit of its borrowing capacity to undertake so large a work by means of bond issue. The situation, therefore, has resulted in a deadlock which has continued for a considerable time and which could be resolved only by further legislation. The amendments just passed permit the building of subways in three ways. First, subways may be built by private capital, under an indeterminate franchise, which may be terminated by the city at any time after ten years on the payment to the traction company of the actual cost of the road, plus a profit of fifteen per cent. In awarding such a franchise the Public Service Commission may also establish an amortization period—that is, a period during which the earnings of the road will suffice to reimburse the company holding the franchise for the entire cost of construction; at the end of this period the road shall automatically become the property of the city without any payment whatever. It is further provided that the net profit from the operation of such a road, after deducting interest on the company's bond at a rate not exceeding five per cent, and a dividend on its stock at a rate not exceeding six per cent, shall be equally divided between the company and the city. Secondly, subways may be built by the use of the city's money with provisions for an operating lease similar to those of the franchise described above. In the case of this method of construction also provision is made for the division between the company and the city of excess profits. Third, subways may be built by assessment, either of the whole or a part of the cost of construction, upon the property which would be benefited by the construction of the subway. This method is the same as is now used for what are known as "local improvements," such as the opening of streets. These amendments largely expand the powers and discretion of the Public Service Commission in the treatment of the rapid transit problem. But in spite of the savage criticism (part of which has taken the form of a somewhat disingenuous campaign of advertising by the corporation which operates the New York Subway) to which the Commission has been recently subjected, thoughtful observers must be convinced that it has shown itself worthy of receiving such powers. The criticism of the Commission's work is the usual portion of any public body which by doing its duty comes into conflict with special interests, and the advertising to which we have referred above is a testimony to the fact that the Public Service Commission is supported by public opinion. The enactment of these amendments to the Rapid Transit Law is a long step toward the securing of adequate rapid transit for New York City. But one thing more is necessary to put the city in that absolute command of the situation which it should unquestionably have. The Constitution of the State should be amended so as to permit indebtedness incurred for the acquisition or construction of transit lines, docks, etc., which have come to pay a profit to the city, to be excluded in the determination of the city's debt limit. A constitutional amendment to this effect passed the last Legislature. Before it becomes effective it must be passed at this session of the Legislature and be accepted by the voters of the State at the next general election. The Legislature has done well in acting so far to relieve New York's need for internal transportation; but if by failure to pass this constitutional amendment at this session it puts off this further relief for two years more, it will do much to nullify the good it has accomplished.

A MEMORIAL TO THE FIRST FEDERALIST

Among the memorials to great Americans which have been erected at the National Capital there is one astonishing omission; in the hundred years since his death no monument has been erected in Washington to Alexander Hamilton.

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Aside from George Washington, no man of the period which saw the birth of the United States of America more deserves recognition and remembrance from the American people. He was a faithful soldier in the war of the Revolution; a zealous participant in the framing of the Constitution; a potent influence in securing the ratification of the Constitution by the States; one of the most able and valuable associates of the first President during his administration; the creator of the entire financial system of the new Nation; the founder of the Federalist party. He was the most brilliant man of his generation. Talleyrand said of him: "I have known nearly all the marked men of my time, but never one on the whole equal to Hamilton." James Bryce wrote in his "American Commonwealth," "Equally apt for war and civil government, with a profundity and aptitude of view rare in practical soldiers and statesmen, he stood in the front rank of a generation never surpassed in history—a generation which includes Burke, Fox, Grattan, von Humboldt, Wellington, and Napoleon." And more recently he has said: "Hamilton was a thinker for the world, one of universal history's exceptional and brilliant men. His genius is worked into the very body and tissue of your institutions. I agree with Senator Lodge that his description of Hamilton as the greatest constructive statesman of the nation is not overpraise." To his great work as the first Secretary of the Treasury Daniel Webster paid this tribute: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton." For a century this country has neglected the memory of this great statesman. At last an association has been formed to remedy in fitting fashion this neglect. The President of the association is Mr. Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and the organization numbers among the members of its Board of Trustees Mr. Justice Brewer, the Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Senator Lodge, Admiral Dewey, Governor Guild, of Massachusetts, Governor Sheldon, of Nebraska, Governor Hughes, of New York, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, and other prominent Americans. The purpose of the association is to erect in a prominent situation in Washington a fitting memorial. For this purpose it is planned to raise the sum of one hundred thousand dollars by private subscription. Already Congress has created a commission to select a site for the memorial upon property belonging to the United States, and has appropriated the sum of ten thousand dollars for the preparation of a site so selected and the erection of a pedestal upon which to place the memorial. The site which is considered by the members of the association as an ideal one, and which it is hoped can be secured, is at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, on the esplanade on the south front of the Treasury Building. The Secretary of the Alexander Hamilton National Memorial Association is Franklin W. Collins, 8 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C., to whom great credit is due as the originator and promoter of the excellent idea of this memorial.

A PICTURESQUE WESTERN STATESMAN

Author of the Fifteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution; a leading influence in the defeat of the Force Bill; friend of Abraham Lincoln; one of the two Senators who got Andrew Johnson out of bed (in a stupidly drunken condition, Mr. Stewart declared) and had him sworn in as President after Lincoln's assassination; Senator for twenty-nine years from the young State of Nevada; the man who coined the phrase "the crime of '73"—William M. Stewart was assuredly one of the most picturesque personalities of Washington. He began to work when he was thirteen years old, but managed to take a partial course of study at Yale. The gold-mining excitement of 1849 drew him to San Francisco, and his mining career in the Sierra Nevadas began in 1850. His successes as miner, mining lawyer, and advocate of Union principles in the war need not be recounted here. He was the first Senator elected from Nevada, and served from 1864 to 1875, when he returned to Nevada to build up an impaired

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fortune, only to be elected once more to the United States Senate in 1886, from which date he served continuously until his retirement three or four years ago. The country knew him best as the earnest advocate of the remonetization of silver, but while he filled hundreds of pages in the Congressional Record with his silver speeches, the real importance of his public services in urging irrigation for Western lands, in framing National mining laws, and in regulating litigation about water rights has hardly been recognized. In the reconstruction period Senator Stewart was very active, and he always maintained that the evils of that era would have been avoided if the Nation had followed his plan, which provided for universal amnesty and universal suffrage, but removed irksome restrictions on the white voters who had seceded, and allowed the States immediate control of their own local affairs but under a pledge of equal civil and political rights to both races. In later years Mr. Stewart was known by sight to almost all visitors to Washington through what one writer describes as "his tall figure, topped by a wide-brimmed soft hat, his long white beard, and his complexion, which was as clear as a young man's." His early life abounded in incidents of danger and adventure, and the volume of reminiscences written by him only a few years ago, while it is indiscreet and often vindictively personal, had all the excitement and fun of a lively romance.

THE CONFERENCE FOR EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH

The annual meeting of the Conference for Education in the South, held in Atlanta recently, was notable, as the previous meetings have been, for the growing interest and enthusiasm for education which is much the most important fact in Southern life to-day. The first session was held in the new Auditorium Building, which has a seating capacity of five thousand. The speech of welcome was made by Governor Smith; Mr. Ogden, President of the Conference for the tenth time, delivered his annual address, and emphasized the growth of the work by calling attention to the fact that there were present superintendents of education from nearly every State in the South, thus securing the representation of the entire secondary educational system; that an army of county and district superintendents and of men and women connected with the executive and teaching staffs of the schools were present; that there were delegates from the School Improvement Leagues, from the Southern Association of College Women, and from the Women's Clubs of the section. The latter are taking a very prominent part in the educational renaissance which has recreated the popular educational systems of the South. There were also in attendance presidents of leading colleges and universities, North and South. Perhaps the most important feature of the meeting was the announcement of the plan to build up a uniform educational scheme for the entire South, by securing the co-operation of all the Southern States in steps toward such a system. The reports on educational progress brought out some striking facts. In Alabama the appropriation for education for the last year was increased $319,000. Georgia showed an increase for the year of a quarter of a million dollars. The Arkansas Legislature has just passed a compulsory educational law; and from all quarters came reports of steadily advancing standards of educational work and steadily widening interest in educational matters. The betterment of the conditions of rural life was one of the most interesting subjects of discussion. Mr. Pinchot, Chief of the Bureau of Forestry, answering the question, How the National Government may co-operate with the States to this end. Dr. Coulter, of the University of Minnesota, discussing the reorganization of rural life, maintained that agriculture cannot be lifted to its proper place among the industries until it is on a more profitable basis. He urged the farmers to work together, and to deal with "the product of a year's labor as a stock of goods which can be converted into a visible supply at will." In order that this alternative may be carried out, "intelligent sorting, grading, packing, and storing are essential." At a reception given by the Chamber of Commerce of Atlanta, Mr. Robert C. Ogden was presented with a loving-cup. The President of the Chamber, speaking on behalf of

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Georgia and the South, warmly expressed appreciation of the work done by the Conferences and especially of the work done by Mr. Ogden. It is not too much to say that Mr. Ogden has put himself in the front rank of the public men in this country; and when the history of the last two decades is written, he will be counted among its statesmen. No scheme for helping a great people in a time of need was ever more generously devised or executed with greater delicacy of feeling and consideration for all interests concerned. The South, which has never lacked in generosity, has come to understand clearly the spirit in which this work has been done. The curiously perverse view of the Charleston News and Courier, one of the most interesting papers in the South, but unfortunately one of the most provincial in its interpretation of National movements, finds very few supporters in that section.

EFFECTIVE WORK FOR THE BLIND

In a letter dictated to and written on the typewriter by a blind stenographer, Miss Winifred Holt, Secretary of the New York Association for the Blind, writes to us as follows:

May I correct a statement in the editorial entitled "One Language for the Blind," in the issue of The Outlook for April 17th? It stated that in England there is a bi-weekly article in Braille published in the Daily Mail. The fact is that the Daily Mail publishes a weekly issue for the blind in Braille, which is received at this Association and read with interest by my blind secretary and other sightless members of our staff. The fact that our seekers for "Light through work" at this lighthouse enjoy these foreign publications gives emphasis to the importance mentioned in The Outlook of employing a type for the blind which, like Braille, is related to the blind literature of the world. It may interest your readers to know that we have here examples of Chinese Braille, and that Helen Keller's life has lately been translated into Japanese by Mr. Yoshimoto, who was the representative of the Japanese Government at the International Conference for the Blind held in England last year.

After careful investigation of the subject, the New York Board of Education has decided to employ the type known as Improved Braille in the education of blind children going to the public schools. Dr. Maxwell, the Superintendent of Public Schools, has already publicly acknowledged the indebtedness of the Board of Education to the New York Association for the Blind for information and guidance which the Board of Education has received in its dealing with the important question of the education of sightless children. No philanthropic society in the city deserves public support and interest on the ground of effective work more than the Association of which Miss Holt is Secretary. The proportion of sightless persons in the population is so small that the problem of helping them does not naturally come to public notice, and yet there are six thousand people in the State of New York who cannot see, the majority of whom need help of some kind. The New York Association for the Blind has demonstrated that the kind of help needed is self-help, and the workshops conducted by the Association last year brought in a sufficient revenue to demonstrate this fact. Those in the city of New York who want to see how expert the blind may become, when properly educated, in taking care of themselves should go to one of the performances which are to be given on the afternoon and evening of May 11 at the Hippodrome for the benefit of the Association. At this benefit the public will be able to see, for the first time as far as we know, an industrial exhibition where the blind may be observed at work and at play in the occupations and games practicable for them. There will be running, swimming, and jumping contests by blind athletes, and industries for the blind in operation as a part of the regular performances. The address of the New York Association for the Blind is 118 East Fifty-ninth Street, where contributions, of which the Association stands in great need for the maintenance of its schools, classes, and other work, may be sent.

A MINISTRY OF LEADERSHIP

The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon's installation as pastor of the Old South Church in Boston was a striking tribute to a ministry notable alike for its fidelity to the important service of a local church and to the interests of the Church at large. There is no more prominent pulpit in New England, perhaps in the

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country, than that which Dr. Gordon has filled with increasing vigor and growing influence for a quarter of a century. His earliest career was one of marked courage, industry, and promise. He was already a student and thinker when he accepted the call of the Old South. Deliberately choosing to qualify himself for the highest service to which he was called, Dr. Gordon concentrated his energy and thought on his pulpit work and pastoral responsibilities. During his early ministry in Boston he was rarely heard on general occasions, thus setting a conspicuous example to young men of promise upon whom the community makes exhausting drafts at the very beginning of their careers. Planning his life on long lines and broad ones, Dr. Gordon has furnished that leadership in thought which was sorely needed in a period of transition; and Dr. Williston Walker, of Yale University, and Professor Daniel Evans, of Andover Theological Seminary, in their addresses at the celebration emphasized the great value of the constructive work in theology which Dr. Gordon has rendered the Church in this trying and perplexing time by his bold, reverent, and optimistic handling of the intellectual problems of the times. President Eliot recalled his earliest contacts with Dr. Gordon in the various stages of his education, and his own suggestion of Dr. Gordon's name for the Old South pulpit as an illustration of a lasting service rendered by the Puritan college to the Puritan pulpit, and called attention to the many disciples Dr. Gordon had made; men who are carrying on a work which is not only to go forward in Boston, but in the country at large, and to have the largest influence in the future. Dr. Evans declared that sanity, reasonableness, an intensely religious spirit, and freedom from the clerical altitude and temper, explained in large measure the effectiveness of Dr. Gordon's preaching. The Boston Transcript, commenting editorially on the anniversary, speaks of Dr. Gordon as "a great figure in contemporary affairs." Dr. Gordon's success rests on the most substantial foundations, and is a beacon to young men who are eager to make the pulpit, not a place of personal reputation or of the influence of an hour, but of inspiration, interpretation, and leadership.

THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY CONGRESS

The Canadian National Missionary Congress, which recently met in Toronto, was one of the most impressive religious gatherings in the history of the continent. More than four thousand men of every class from all parts of the Dominion, representing almost every Church, were present. They came from Vancouver and Victoria on the Pacific coast and from Halifax and St. John's on the Atlantic, and they represented the best quality of citizenship. It was impossible to look at the audience without being impressed by its vigor, intelligence, and capacity; nor was it possible to attend the sessions without receiving an impression of the deep and fruitful religious spirit. This came largely from the consciousness of unity of a common foundation on which all the men present stood. Bishops of the Church of England, the General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, leaders of the Congregational and Baptist Churches, and officers of the Salvation Army sat together with a growing sense of the power resident in a united Christendom; and when the Congress closed with the appeal "To obey is better than sacrifice," the delegates carried to all parts of the Dominion a new sense of the greatness of the opportunity which faces the Christian Church to-day, and a new sense of the power with which a united Christendom can deal with that opportunity. There were 2,700 lay delegates and 1,500 clergy, representing nearly one million communicants, and after careful consideration of the whole field the Congress decided that Canada ought to raise $4,500,000, of which $1,300,000 was to be spent in home missionary work and $3,200,000 in foreign missionary work. Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, a fine representative of the Englishman of action who is also the Englishman of faith, made a number of striking addresses. The Congress adopted a national missionary policy, based on the responsibility of the laymen, the recognition of the world as the field of every Christian, the duty of the Churches of Canada to evangelize the entire Dominion, the duty of unity and co-operation, and formulated its desire to unite with the Churches of sister

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countries throughout Christendom in an adequate crusade for the winning of mankind to Jesus Christ.

A FRIEND OF MAN

Thousands of readers of The Outlook will remember the two articles on the "Temperance Tidal Wave" which were published in this journal last year. They will recall the wide range of knowledge they embodied, much of it derived from personal observation and study in many countries. They will recall the power there shown of taking the reader to a point, as it were, above the world, and showing him the current and direction of a great movement among men; they will recall the rare combination there evident of profound conviction with a judicial spirit; and they will recall the liveliness and at the same time the dignity of style. The author of those articles was Dr. Samuel June Barrows. The qualities that were manifest in those articles characterized all his very effective, very extensive, but far from obtrusive work for humanity. His death last week has diminished perceptibly those forces that are enlisted in the struggle against unhappiness, misery, wretchedness, poverty, and wrong. Those who knew Dr. Barrows now feel not only personal sorrow, but a loss of strength in the face of some of the greatest of modern problems. In particular must they feel that loss of strength as they think of the thousands upon thousands in the prisons of this and other lands. Dr. Barrows's influence toward the transformation of prisons from mere dungeons—places of confinement and instruments of retaliation—to reformatories—places of education and instruments of cure—cannot be estimated. As President of the International Prison Commission, as member of the New York State Commission on New Prisons, and as Corresponding Secretary of the Prison Association of New York, he engaged, not in mere study and discussion of prison conditions, but in the most practical kind of work in actually developing the punitive measures of this and other countries. In this as well as in other kinds of service Mrs. Barrows has been his comrade. There is something finely significant as well as pathetic in the fact that at the time of Dr. Barrows's death Mrs. Barrows was in Russia on an errand of mercy and freedom. Dr. Barrows's life was a varied one. Starting as a machinist, and later as a telegrapher, he enlisted in the navy during the Civil War, but could not serve because of ill health; he became a reporter, then acted as secretary to Secretary Seward, and continued in the State Department. Entering the Unitarian ministry, he undertook, after five years in the pastorate, the editorship of the Christian Register, which he held for sixteen years. Afterwards he served as a valuable member of Congress; and since 1899 devoted himself principally to prison reform. Dr. Barrows has not only been a contributor to The Outlook, but has been a constantly valuable correspondent. The readers of this journal are more indebted to him than they know.

THE PLAY WITH A PURPOSE

Novels with a purpose have always been with us; but satire rather than social exhortation has been the prevailing tone of the stage; as a rule, depression, if not despair, has attended the first night of the play with a purpose. But within the last year or two (to say nothing of such a drama of spiritual awakening as Mr. Rann Kennedy's remarkable play, "The Servant in the House") there have been several American comedies which touch sharply questions of current economic and political reform. "The Man of the Hour," "The Gentleman from Mississippi," and "The Battle," are alike only in that they deal with dishonest business or political practices, and the keynote of their success is that the playwright in each case has not preached or argued, but has woven into comedy (sometimes even into farce) a moving story of human experience. In Mr. Cleveland Moffett's "The Battle," which has just closed a long run in New York, and will doubtless be seen next season throughout the country, one is not ashamed to be stirred emotionally, while the strain of pathos is quickly and often relieved by hearty laughter. The relation of rich to poor, of millionaire landlord to wretched tenement-dweller, does not seem to offer a specially entertaining subject; but the

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author cleverly hits the weaknesses and foibles of both classes; he points out that the poor need more soap and thrift, less beer and pool-tickets; that the rich man needs to give love as well as money; that the East Side has its humors as well as its suffering, and that the millionaire grafter is generally not all horn and hoofs, but largely an embodiment of National disregard to law, as seen in the passenger who cheats the customs, the man who swears off taxes, and the woman in the street-car "who would let her little Willie wear whiskers before she would admit that he ought to pay full fare." Mr. Wilton Lackaye admirably acts the part of a millionaire living for his own purposes in one of his own tenements, showing the tenants how to hustle, and in the end organizing Socialists, starving women, and tough idlers into a bakers' trust. In his serious moments Mr. Lackaye moved the audience deeply; when the present writer saw "The Battle," in response to half a dozen recalls, Mr. Lackaye made a neat little speech, in which he admitted that "The Battle" didn't attempt to solve social questions, although he would admit an intention to make the audience think, "but not enough to affect the box office receipts;" and that there was a sneaking hope that the solution might perhaps occur to some young lady in the audience! "Sociologists," to say nothing of "Socialists," are apt to take themselves a little too seriously, and "The Battle" has a good lesson in its playfulness; at one moment it seems that New York's poverty problem is to be solved instanter; one way after another to spend the $10,000,000 contributed by the repentant millionaire malefactor is discarded as impossible or injurious, but he finally produces enormous diagrams and tables of statistics (on which he must have long secretly worked), and—the curtain falls! "The Battle" is a strong play, and that its dramatic material comes from the rights and wrongs of labor and capital shows that the problem is human and urgent, not academic.

THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL

The formal opening of the Keats-Shelley Memorial House at the foot of the Spanish Stairs in Rome recently marked the conclusion of a work in which Americans have borne a conspicuous share, and which has engaged the interest and support of literary people on both sides the sea to an unusual degree. The house was purchased two years ago by a committee made up largely of Americans, Edmund Clarence Stedman being the President, and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson the Secretary. The energy of these two gentlemen, with the active support of a number of influential associates, secured the sum of money necessary to save from further change the house in which Keats died, and to make it a perpetual memorial of two poets intimately associated in the interest of English-speaking peoples. King Victor Emmanuel, the American Ambassador, Mr. Griscom, and the British Ambassador, Sir J. Rennell Rodd, took part in the exercises, the King inspecting every room and showing the greatest interest in the arrangement and furnishing of the house, and expressing the warmest commendation of the initiative of the Americans, who, it will be remembered, furnished one of the rooms as a memorial of Edmund Clarence Stedman. Among those whose presence at the exercises added special interest to the occasion were Arthur Severn, the son of Keats's friend, Joseph Severn; Mrs. MacDowell, the widow of the American composer, to whom Keats was a source of inspiration; a niece of Fenimore Cooper, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. After indicating briefly the history of the movement, and emphasizing the fact that American generosity was largely responsible for its success, the British Ambassador declared that all the English-speaking poets of the nineteenth century had been inspired by Italy. The house is already enriched by a number of invaluable memorials; among them the Severn miniature, presented by the family of George Keats, brother of the poet, who came to this country and lived in Kentucky; busts of Keats and Shelley from Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor, a Virginian by birth, and the author of the statue of General Lee at Louisville. The house is already rich in original portraits, photographs, original manuscripts, and rare editions. To Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson's enthusiasm and tireless zeal the success of this movement may be said to be chiefly due.

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THE GOVERNMENT AND THE SUGAR TRUST

An unusual amount of space has been given in this issue of The Outlook to a single article—the account of the prosecution of the American Sugar Refining Company of New York by the United States Government. This powerful and wealthy corporation has profited by a kind of stealing which in its character can only be compared to pocket-picking. If respect may ever be paid to criminals, it is given only to those criminals who run great personal risk and show great personal courage and virility in the performance of their acts. The sneak-thief is not only clapped into jail when he is apprehended, but he is treated with contempt both by society and by the more manly type of lawbreakers whose code of professional etiquette has given rise to the somewhat anomalous proverb that there is "honor among thieves." It is true that no responsible officer of the American Sugar Refining Company of New York has been convicted of dishonesty; and that the responsible officers disclaim any personal responsibility for the criminal acts for which their company has been punished in court by a fine of $134,000, and compelled to restore to the Government ill-gotten gains of a million dollars more; but no one can read the article by Mr. Howland entitled "The Case of the Seventeen Holes" without feeling that, though the executive officers of the convicted company have not been convicted of criminal acts, the evidence shows that they were at least guilty of gross neglect in administering the property intrusted to them by their stockholders. Under their direction of this property, subordinates were employed of so untrustworthy a character that their stealings from the Government by sneak-thief methods have resulted in a serious financial loss to the shareholders, and in a loss of corporate character to the company which it will take many years of scrupulous life to regain. As a man is known by the company he keeps, so is a corporation known by the character of the workmen and employees which it engages in its service, and we think the time is soon coming in this country, if it has not already come, when a self-respecting man can no more afford to have his name connected with a cheating corporation as a director than he can afford to have it connected with a disreputable club or a disorderly house. This appears to us to be the individual moral which may justly be drawn from what deserves to become a celebrated case in the history of American corporation law on its criminal side.

There are in addition two political morals which may be pointed out. The first is the need of strong and vigorous supervision of corporations. There are those who say that the only function of government is to protect life and property; that commerce and manufactures and transportation are private matters to be carried on between private citizens; that when government enters into the domain of industry it becomes meddlesome and despotic; that business in America should be "let alone." The case of the American Sugar Refining Company shows how unreasonable such talk is. To be sure, this particular case has nothing directly to do with the regulation of the relations of a corporation to the public or the consumer, and is directly concerned with the relations of such a corporation to the Government itself. But it clearly brings to light the fact that, if the great corporations are "let alone," some of them do not hesitate to stoop to the most dishonorable practices. The conscience which will let a man pick the pockets of Uncle Sam is not likely to interfere when he picks the pockets of his fellow-citizens. For our part, we are glad that there is a Government at Washington centralized enough and skillful enough to make a great American industrial corporation disgorge one million dollars which had been added to its profits by fraud. As citizens we want the power of that centralized Government so maintained and so exercised that our pockets as consumers shall not also be picked.

The second moral is that the so-called "agitation" of the last seven years of questions involved in the relations of industrial corporations to the Government, to the public, and to the wage-earner has resulted in achievements of practical efficiency. There has been something more than talk; there have been convic-

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tions. We do not believe it is generally known how successful the Department of Justice of the United States Government has been in its prosecution of cases against lawbreaking corporations. The daily newspapers give so much space to a sensational case like that involved in the unsuccessful imposition of the twenty-nine million dollar fine of the Standard Oil Company that a large part of the newspaper-reading public get the impression that somehow or other the corporations are always successful in evading the consequences when they commit lawbreaking acts. An examination of the last Annual Report of the Attorney-General of the United States shows that the facts warrant an exactly contrary conclusion. We have before us a list of the successful prosecutions in the Southern District of New York during the two years from October 1, 1906, to January 1, 1909. This list is a formidable one. The American Sugar Refining Company, quite apart from the present case of cheating in its payment of customs duties, was convicted in five cases of accepting rebates, and paid fines under these convictions amounting to $110,000. These fines were paid by the defendants after the American Sugar Refining Company had strenuously resisted the Government in the first case, and had employed the most eminent counsel to represent them. Five great transportation corporations, including the New York Central, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Great Northern, and the Central Vermont Railway Companies, were convicted of giving rebates and were fined sums aggregating $188,000. The Erie and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway Companies were convicted of breaking the Federal Safety Appliance Law and fined. We name these cases out of many others as typical of what the Department of Justice is doing and doing successfully.

The rights of property constitute a very different thing from the right to use property for the injury of society, and we believe that the most intelligent American public opinion will uphold Congress and the Courts and the Executive in enforcing those laws and regulations which will prevent thieves and sneaks from doing in the guise of incorporated associations what the common and universal practice of society does not permit them to do as individuals.

THE WHEAT CORNER

Two weeks ago the price of wheat in the Central West advanced to $1.50. A year ago the price was about a dollar. The farmers are not benefited; for most of the wheat has left the farmers' hands. The millers are not benefited; they cannot get wheat; some of the mills are already shut down. The community is not benefited; for the bakers have in some cases been compelled to cut the size of their loaves. The chief persons benefited are some of the speculators, while others of the speculators are bankrupted.

What has caused this extraordinary rise in the price of wheat? If it were due to the fact that there has come an extraordinary loss of supply, the result would have to be reckoned with other casualties which the skill of men cannot avert—such as earthquakes, cyclones, and droughts—but this is not the case. Last year's crop in the United States was 664,000,000 bushels; for the preceding five years the average was 656,000,000. There is evidently no great deficiency in the United States. Last year's world crop is estimated at 3,172,000,000; the average for the last five years, 3,248,000,000. The deficiency in the world crop and the increase in the world's demands are not sufficient to account for a rise in price of forty per cent. That rise is due to speculation.

What is speculation? And how does it differ from legitimate business?

A miller knows in the fall that next summer he will need a million bushels of wheat. He studies the wheat conditions throughout the world, forms the best judgment he can as to the probable supply and demand, the prospective market price, then sends out his agents to contract with the farmers to give him next summer the wheat he will need at the price he is willing to pay. This is a legitimate business transaction, advantageous to both miller and farmer. It is advantageous to the miller because he knows he has secured wheat to grind, and can arrange before-

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hand for the grinding of the wheat and the sale of the flour. It is advantageous to the farmer because he knows that he can sell his wheat at a fair price, and has to run only the risks of the weather, and the added risks of the market. The fact that the miller may miscalculate and may find that he has paid too much or too little for the wheat, and has accordingly made an unexpected profit or suffered an unexpected loss, does not make the transaction a speculation.

A broker, who has no mill and has no use for any wheat, makes a similar calculation; he sends out his agent, buys in the fall of the farmers at an agreed price to be paid on delivery the next summer, expecting to sell the wheat in turn to the millers. This may be a legitimate business transaction. To the farmer it affords the same advantage as the purchase direct by the miller. To the miller it may be an advantage to have the work of calculating prices and buying the wheat done by some one else. The value of the farmer and the miller to the community is perfectly clear. The value of the broker in such a transaction is somewhat more problematical. But in modern complicated business his service is often indispensable.

A speculator makes a somewhat similar investigation of probable supply and demand. He knows that the average crop of the United States for the last five years was 656,000,000 bushels; of North America, including Canada, 770,000,000 bushels. He knows that there is an increasing demand for wheat as a food product all over the world; that in sections of Ireland wheat is displacing potatoes; that in Scotland the oatmeal cake is giving place to wheat bread; that in Asia it is sharing the market with rice; that even in Russia the proportion of wheat bread to black bread has increased. He gets together some cash and more credit, and plans to buy up the whole wheat supply in the United States; if necessary the whole wheat supply of America. If he can succeed in doing this, he will have a monopoly of wheat in the United States, and can indefinitely increase the price. This is not quite so impossible as it may seem at first sight. He does not have to buy all the wheat; if he owns most of it, he can trust the owners of the rest not greatly to undersell him, and thus he can largely determine the market price. He does not have to maintain the highest price for any great length of time; he has only to keep up the price till the date when he has agreed to sell, and he can often sell out part of his contracts before that time at a price sufficient to guard himself against loss if the price should decline. He does not have to pay cash for the wheat. He has only to contract to pay at a future day, and meantime to raise money enough, called a margin, to save from loss the man of whom he is buying it, in case the price declines below the amount which he has agreed to pay for it.

But this speculator is not alone. There are other speculators associated with him in the endeavor to obtain control of the wheat in the United States and so force up the price. There are also speculators who believe that this attempt will fail; and who are leagued together to make it fail. The former, in the jargon of the market, are called bulls, the latter are called bears. The bears agree to sell wheat on the first of May at a fixed price; the bulls agree to buy the wheat at that price. The bulls attempt to make the market price on the first of May as high as possible; the bears attempt to make it as low as possible. But the bears have no wheat to sell and do not expect to have any; and the bulls do not want any wheat and do not expect to buy any. What actually happens is this: Mr. Bear agrees to sell, and Mr. Bull agrees to buy, a thousand bushels of wheat on the first of May at one dollar per bushel. But on the first day of May the market price of wheat is $1.10 a bushel. Mr. Bear, therefore, would have to spend $1,100 to buy the thousand bushels of wheat which he has agreed to sell to Mr. Bull for one thousand dollars. Instead of doing so, he pays Mr. Bull $100. If, on the other hand, the price of wheat has fallen to ninety cents per bushel, Mr. Bear can buy for $900 the wheat for which Mr. Bull has agreed to pay him $1,000. In that case Mr. Bull pays Mr. Bear $100. No wheat is actually bought or sold; no wheat passes from one to the other. Under guise of a contract to buy and sell, these two men, Mr. Bull and Mr. Bear, have simply made a bet as to the price of wheat on the first

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of May. The amount of the bet to be paid depends on the difference between the actual market price on the first of May and the stipulated dollar a bushel. If the reader asks, How can a bet between two dealers affect the price of wheat? the answer is, It cannot. But when hundreds of men are excitedly offering to buy wheat to be delivered in thirty days, and other hundreds are as excitedly offering to sell wheat to be delivered in thirty days, and these offers to buy and sell include millions of bushels of wheat that have no existence, and the bets upon the price of wheat reach millions of dollars, the result is to create an artificial demand and an equally artificial supply, which determine the market price of such wheat as is already stored in the warehouses.

This transaction is of no benefit to any one except the successful gambler. It does not benefit the farmers; for they are interested in having a steady price for their wheat, not a fluctuating price, which promises a great profit to-day and threatens a serious loss to-morrow, and compels them to study the gambler's market if they would get the benefit of the prices, a study for which they have neither the time nor the facility. It does not benefit the millers, who might judge what the prices of next season's wheat will be, if it were dependent on supply and demand as regulated by natural causes, but cannot judge if it is made dependent on the tricks and chances of a great gambling operation.

Gambling with breadstuffs is a great deal worse than gambling with cards or dice; the gambling carried on in the Produce Exchange than that carried on in the gambling hells of New York City or in the Casino at Monte Carlo. Private gambling injures only the gamblers and those immediately connected with them, and it demoralizes the few hundreds of occasional onlookers. The private gambler gets the money of his fellow-gamblers for nothing, and, if the game is honestly played, gives his fellow-gambler in return a chance to get his own money for nothing. But the public gamblers play their game with the property of their wholly innocent fellow-citizens. They gamble with the wheat-fields of the farmer, the flour-barrel of the miller, the bread loaves of the baker and the housekeeper. There is not a reader of these lines in America but may have suffered some injury from the gamblers in the Chicago wheat-market; and the whole country looks on at the gigantic game, and hundreds of thousands of fascinated spectators are demoralized by the spectacle. These gamblers are not robbers, for they are not taking our property by violence, but they are taking it without our consent and without giving us any return for it. The Produce Exchange is better than Monte Carlo because legitimate business is done in the Produce Exchange, and no legitimate business is done at Monte Carlo. How to conserve that legitimate business and put an end to the illegitimate gambling is a difficult problem. The millers and the bakers ought to take up that problem. They are the ones who should understand it. If they do not take it up, they will have themselves to blame if it is taken up by reformers who do not understand it, and who may in consequence inflict serious injury on the legitimate business in their determination to throttle the gambling.

A NEW POLICY FOR TRINITY CHURCH

The historic importance of Trinity Parish in the history of New York, its great wealth, the distinction of many of its rectors, and the local pride in St. John's Chapel as an example of post-Colonial architecture, have combined to attract attention to the controversy which has arisen from the proposal of Trinity Parish to consolidate the congregation of the chapel with another congregation, has led to a sharp arraignment of some aspects of administering the parish for many years past, and has recalled the severe criticism of the condition of some of the tenement-house property owned by Trinity and of its attitude toward reformatory measures. During this controversy the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, the rector of Trinity, has remained silent; but he has now met the many-sided criticism of the parish, chiefly, and wisely, by a definition of the lines of action which he proposes to follow in the administration of the great fund and the conduct of the

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great work of Trinity in the future. Accepting the call of the parish only a year ago, the storm of criticism broke before he had the opportunity of outlining his policy. This he has now done. His statement covers practically every point at which criticism has been directed.

Trinity Parish, its rector declares, has adopted the policy of publicity; has already issued a full public statement of its financial affairs, showing not only its annual income and expenditure, but presenting a full report of its assets and liabilities, including income-producing property of every kind owned or controlled by the parish. This full statement of its affairs was part of the policy of the present rector when he took his position; and it is to be the permanent policy of the parish for the future. This is a long step in advance; for publicity is a prime element in the management of great trust funds. Trinity Parish has taken up, as a regular and definite part of its work, evangelistic services and street preaching, thus bringing a church of the most conservative traditions, committed by its history and conventions to stately services, into direct personal touch with even the most casual life of the city. The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, who is well known as a street preacher, is to be the evangelist of Trinity. He will give his whole time to this work, endeavoring to reach men who need religious ministry of any kind in the city. He is also to conduct evangelistic services regularly in St. John's Chapel, an announcement doubly welcome as indicating that Trinity, long intrenched in a conservative position, is about to adopt an aggressive policy, and as assuring the continuance of services and the permanent preservation of St. John's Chapel.

The right of Trinity Parish to plan its work with reference to the highest efficiency in dealing with the entire city, and to readjust its methods from time to time, is beyond question; but the proposal to close St. John's, even though made in the interest of efficiency, was very unfortunate in the manner of its decision and announcement. The parishioners of St. John's ought to have been taken into the councils of the vestry. They constituted a considerable congregation; they were accustomed to worship in a building to which they have become attached; they had the ties and sentiment which grow up in a permanent organization. Any change affecting their place of worship and their religious privileges ought to have been made only after full consultation with them. If Trinity had been dealing with Trinity Chapel, would it have proceeded as it proceeded with St. John's Chapel? This brings to light an attitude on the part of the churches which is fundamentally wrong; and this criticism applies not to Trinity only, but to nearly every church of every name. There is in the mind of nearly every church a certain distinction, often unconscious, between the well-to-do and the poor; a traditional feeling that the poor to whom a church ministers can be dealt with on a different basis from the well-to-do. This feeling explains to a considerable extent the attitude of the working people toward various churches. The time has come when the whole Church must change its attitude on this matter, and the unfortunate controversy between Trinity and its parishioners in St. John's Chapel is an object-lesson which all churches ought to study. That St. John's is to remain will give great satisfaction to a host of people who love the old building, and who value not only its religious but its architectural and historic interest.

Dr. Manning declares that the moral conditions of the tenements owned by Trinity are now unusually good; that the property consists largely of small, old-fashioned houses, none built by the parish, but reverting to it on the expiration of leases. These houses are occupied by two or more families. The condition of much of this property is good; the condition of none of it as bad as has been asserted, according to the rector; but there are to be important improvements; and the gist of the whole matter is put in a paragraph: "I say unhesitatingly that, as property-owners, our responsibility for the condition of any dwelling-house property owned by the parish is the most vital and fundamental, and one of the most sacred of all the obligations resting upon us, and that we are bound to do everything in our power to meet this responsibility." The long leases under which much of the property has been held are now expiring, and

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Trinity will shortly be able to deal with the property with a free hand, and can be held to the fullest responsibility. Dr. Manning declares that Trinity must set the very highest example in treating this property, and that all property of the parish must be dealt with, not merely from the business point of view, but from the standpoint of religious and social responsibility and of enlightened citizenship. This has been the fundamental issue between Trinity and its critics; and this definite statement of future policy, carried into effect by the rector and vestry of Trinity Parish, will silence those who have kept up a running fire of criticism on the management of the parish for many years on the ground that its great property has been dealt with from a strictly business point of view, rather than as a trust established for religious and beneficent purposes.

Dr. Manning calls attention to the fact that the work of Trinity Parish is largely with the poor; that of twelve hundred communicants on the list of Trinity Parish a very great majority are poor people; and that the attendance at St. Luke's, St. John's, St. Paul's, and St. Chrysostom's shows that the people to whom Trinity is preaching the Gospel and administering the sacrament are far more representative of the poor than of the rich. It is proposed to rearrange the work and to revise the budget of the parish so as to permit more generous help to weak and struggling churches in the diocese; and as a measure in the interests of more thorough organization, the consolidation of the parochial work of St. John's and St. Luke's, a matter entirely distinct from keeping St. John's open, is to be carried out in accordance with plans long maturing. It is also proposed to take up work among other than English-speaking peoples at different points in the same district, and to establish branches of Welfare work which will minister to the need of the neighborhood.

Dr. Manning's full and frank statement is entitled to unqualified credence; there have been grave causes for criticism of Trinity in the past, but Dr. Manning is entitled to the confidence of the community, and ought to have public support in carrying out this broader policy. Trinity controls an immense fund, created largely by the growth of New York. It owes the city a great debt; it has a magnificent opportunity to translate great privileges into great services; to lead in the movement to make the metropolis a city wherein dwelleth righteousness. It must hold to the very highest standards of Christian stewardship.

THE SPECTATOR

On a recent visit to London the Spectator made a discovery. You can always discover something worth while on even the shortest of London walks, and this particular discovery was near the end of a wholly charming and enjoyable stroll. The Spectator walked through Kensington Gardens and entered the High Street opposite De Vere Gardens, and through the Gardens past Browning's old home and Henry James's rooms to a little turn at the end that leads sharply around another corner and lands one in Sussex Villas. The Spectator had not been here for several years, and the recollection of Sussex Villas hung to the pegs of his memory with a tender, tenacious clutch that prompted him to walk through its inviting length again. He gazed in at the little old window of the little old semicircular shop that cuddles into the bend of the road, and saw the same vividly colored English "sweets," the same pencils and marbles and tops and notions that were there when last he gazed lovingly through the glass. Then he crossed the narrow road and looked in at the bakery. The same tempting, indescribable smells wafted out to his nostrils as some customer emerged—smells that had warmed the cockles of his heart on many another stroll. He was hungry, and he wanted a fat bun with plums protruding, but some fate held him back from entering and purchasing the said bun, and you will see what this fate has to do with the story.

To the Spectator Sussex Villas is one of the most inviting and "homey" bits in all London. The little semi-detached villas stand back in tiny gardens with hedges and clumps of holly and box and yew, and they are plainly the domiciles of simple,

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middle-class people of very moderate means; but those who trip in and out of the semi-detached villa doors are people that one would rather like to know. They are people that novelists would choose to write about—Hardy or Dickens or William Black—Stevenson would have thought Sussex Villas adorable if he had discovered it, and it is the literary world's misfortune that he did not, for he certainly would have found a story there. Now, that is just what the Spectator did—found a story there; but as the humble Spectator is no genius, he can only tell you the simple facts. It's not a Stevenson story, it's just an American story in a Sussex Villa setting.

As the Spectator loitered along, loving each semi-detached house and its semi-detached garden, his gaze was arrested by a rather compelling sign in one of the bay windows that read: "American Things to Eat. On Sale Here, or Families Supplied." Now, the Spectator was very hungry, and as he had not bought that bun at the bakery, he suddenly was sensible of an exhausting famished feeling and such a longing for American "things to eat" as he had never known before. The Spectator's yearning was terrific. He opened the little gate with alacrity, and skipped up the walk with superlative eagerness. When he entered the little drawing-room, he was met by a cheerful-faced woman, distinctly American and seemingly very glad to see the Spectator, whose accent immediately announced him as one of her own land. In answer to his inquiry as to what particular kind of things to eat she had, she named baked beans, brown bread—she was from Worcester, Massachusetts—cranberry pies, cranberry sauce, apple pies, mince pies, custard pies, pumpkin pies—*not* tarts, mind you—hot and cold corn muffins, old-fashioned sponge cake, Maryland sweet pickles, and several other things that the Spectator has forgotten.

The Spectator was starving, and the amiable American lady set him down at a little table, and gave him hot, juicy baked beans, some brown bread and Maryland pickles, a piece of cranberry pie, and a cup of tea. Never, never, never did food taste so good; never, never, never did the Spectator realize that the foodstuffs of one's own land on foreign soil possess a flavor that they never do at his hungriest moments at home. And when he had finished and paid his little bill, he lingered and learned the story of his countrywoman.

Her husband, who had come to London on business, had died suddenly, and she had been left with very little money. She had few ties at home in Worcester, and did not wish to face a business life in her home city. So she thought and thought what she might do to make a living. London is a sorry place for a woman who must work. There are a dozen applicants for every vacant position, and the pay is so small as to be beggarly. It took a good deal of ingenuity to think around such difficulties as confronted this brave little woman, but she thought so hard that the idea came, and then it was plain sailing from that moment. She rented the little semi-detached villa in Kensington for a mere trifle, and furnished the front room, the kitchen, and her little bedroom, and then started straight away to send out her announcement cards to every American resident in London. She laughed gayly when she related how these same Americans responded. They came in droves; they left orders that she couldn't possibly fill in a fortnight as she was then situated, but she lost no time in arranging matters so that she could meet every order, and in a month she had her little establishment in perfect running order, and two big English errand boys to deliver her hot, fresh productions in the morning and evening in a little covered hand-cart. The baked beans and brown bread were eagerly sought, her cakes and pies fairly gobbled up, her cranberry sauce was in tremendous demand, and so on. She has not only paid her way, but is making a neat little fortune out of her venture, which will some day enable her to return to the delights of Worcester and live in comfort the rest of her days. All of which only goes to prove that knowledge about the weaknesses of one's countrymen in a for-

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eign land may be met commercially and turned to substantial account.

There is a good deal of fun poked at Americans by English people because of the American pronunciation, but if we performed such gymnastics in pronunciation as our good British neighbors do we might well deserve all the ridicule that is heaped upon us. Here are some of the adventures in names that the Spectator met with on a recent trip to England. It began on the steamer crossing the Atlantic. The Spectator's chair happened to be placed next that of a fine-looking man whose cultivated accent instantly proclaimed him an Englishman. He had a cordial manner, and struck up a conversation with the Spectator at Sandy Hook. In the course of events the gracious stranger handed the Spectator his card, which read: Mr. —— Clogher; Macclesfield Thorpe, Perversy, Stroud, Glos.; only that wasn't the exact address, but similar. But when the Spectator addressed his acquaintance as Mr. Clog-her, the British gentleman never quivered an eyelash, but said blandly, "Pronounced Klore, if you don't mind," and the Spectator was very careful about it after that.

Things went very smoothly for some time with the language as she is spoken, until the Spectator started, one soft, heavenly day, to go down into Surrey for a little outing. He looked up a little town on the map—it's a way the Spectator has, that of looking for places on maps and starting out on an adventure of discovery. Sometimes he's disappointed, but more times he isn't. The name he found was Pontefract Common. He asked the ticket-seller for a ticket to the place, pronouncing it as it is spelled. The pale eyes of the chinless human being who sold tickets looked perfectly blank, like those of a dead fish. "No such place, sir," he said. "Surely," the Spectator protested, "here it is," and, fumbling for his precious map, laid a triumphant finger upon it. "Oh, *Pomfret!*" said the pale-eyed ticket-vender, and smiled pityingly. "That's it—Pomfret," the Spectator said bravely, and pocketed his heavy change.

At the station at "Pomfret" a quaint old omnibus stood waiting with a sign on the side announcing that it conveyed passengers to the St. Leger Inn and Wrensfordsley Hall for sixpence. The Spectator approached the sleepy-looking driver and asked him which was the smaller house, the St. Leger or the Wrensfordsley. Again that blank, dazed look that the Spectator had now learned to connect with his bad pronunciation. Puzzled, he looked at the names again. How in thunder could he twist his tongue round to make them different? What was the answer?

"See here, my good man," he said, "how do you pronounce this name?" pointing to St. Leger with his stick.

"Why, Sillenger, sir."

"Oh!!!" said the Spectator. "And now how do you pronounce this?"—his stick on Wrensfordsley.

"Rensley, sir."

"Well, drive me to Rensley Hall, then." And the Spectator got in and made some notes in his little red book, and laughed softly all to himself.

After that the Spectator commenced to make a collection, not of snuff-boxes or old Chelsea or Sheffield plate, but of names pronounced as far from the way they are spelled as possible. In little old towns he dodged into shops and asked the startled proprietors how they pronounced the names on their signs; some were quite human and some were quite wild. A Mr. Colclough sold fish in a Surrey village and pronounced his name Cokley, without rhyme or reason. A Mr. Magheramorn was clerk of a hotel, and got Marramorn out of his name. The Spectator was introduced to a Mr. Munie, and found out afterwards that he spelled it Monzie. How do you suppose he ever got Munie out of that? A lovely young English widow was the lady at the Spectator's left at an English dinner party; she was called Riven, but the Spectator learned afterwards that it was only an alias, her real name being Ruthven. The Earl of Wemyss had a birthday while the Spectator was in London, and the newspapers gave a review of his admirable life. The Spectator forgot his caution, and, addressing an English friend, spoke in

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praise of the Earl of We-miss's admirable qualities. A shade of the blank look, followed by a flash of enlightenment, came into the Englishman's eyes. "Ah, yes," blandly, "Weems is a fine old statesman." Weems! Now what do you think of that? When the Spectator encountered the familiar names of Hough and Ralph, he felt secure and on his own ground, but imagine how weak he got in the knees when they came back to him as Huff and Rafe, with the long accent on a.

After that the Spectator thought it was time to go home to rest, and so he sailed for little old New York, where letters spell words, and are not just put in for fun.

COMMENT ON CURRENT BOOKS

NOVELS AND TALES

The fraternity which gives title to Mr. John Galsworthy's latest novel[1] is presented as an elusive vision rather than as actuality. The old man who alone sees it as an ideal easily attainable is regarded by his family as more than half "wanting" in intellect. He talks and writes of present-day life as "those" days and "those" people. In "that" time, he says (that is, before the days of Brotherhood in which his soul lives), every man had a shadow—"In huge congeries, crowded, devoid of light and air, they were assembled, these bloodless imprints from forms of higher caste. Men cast them on the pavements and marched on. They did not in Universal Brotherhood clasp their shadows to sleep within their hearts—for the sun was not then at noon, when no man has a shadow." But the supposedly normal men and women of the story, the old man's sons and their wives, cannot see clearly and simply. They would like to do something for the wretched and sodden and immoral "shadows," but they are bound by convention, and their charity and sympathy are make-believe. The *spirit* of brotherhood is not in them; and so, when sorrow and trouble invade their own world, these people meet the problems hopelessly and without inspiring courage. The book has the fault of stopping without ending—in life things do not "wind up" as in a play, and so far the author is true to life; but literary art is something more than life, and therefore the effect of this way of closing a novel is dispiriting. In sheer ability the novel ranks very high; the characters are alive, the irony is searching, the imagination is poetical. "Fraternity" is not a tale to amuse the idler, but it makes one think.

The fault that one finds it impossible to forgive in Miss Alice Brown's "Thyrza"[1] is the matter-of-fact, incidental sort of a way in which the sweet-natured, pure-minded, but not unintelligent or ignorant young girl yields to the passion of a man who does not seem to the reader of the kind to inspire in such a girl a condition of recklessness. The whole story turns on this betrayal, and—once granted the fact—the author treats the situation with power and delicacy. The earlier chapters are amusing and charming in their pictures of Thyrza's girlhood, and there is a deal of tenderness in the final chapters, which tell of the strength with which Thyrza and her son faced the world and won happiness by sincerity and honesty.

We believe that "Kingsmead"[2] is the fourth of the "Pam" novels, and the author gleefully admits that, since she pictured Pam as a child in 1885, the generations of the four books are rather crowding chronology. Madame von Hutten is an adept at keeping up cheerful and lively talk among her characters, and there are half a dozen people here worth knowing. As a friendly, big-hearted, and modest aristocrat, Earl Tommy is a favorite, and he is well contrasted with two equally warm-hearted *nouveaux riches*, who drop their h's, but are sweetly unselfish. The *dénouement* does not strike one as probable or pleasant, and almost spoils an amusing story.

"Dromina,"[3] by John Ayscough, is a book of unusual interest. The scene is laid in Ireland, and shifts to Spain and South America. The people are of ancient Irish lineage, with a group of Gypsies from Spain who surround their king, and consort with the descendant of Irish kings. The central figure, though by no means the strongest character, is the Gypsy King Ludovic—disclosed as the last Dauphin, the ill-fated son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. The intricacies of the story are infinite, but the author holds the guiding clue firmly, and leads us through many winding ways, to our satisfaction. The latter part of the story merges with a romance almost too fantastic,

[1] Fraternity. By John Galsworthy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.35, net.

[1] The Story of Thyrza. By Alice Brown. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35, net.

[2] Kingsmead. By Bettina von Hutten. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

[3] Dromina. By John Ayscough. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

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but it gives an opportunity for a sort of exalted writing and point of view rare in our matter-of-fact days. Evidently a devout Roman Catholic, Mr. Ayscough presents in romantic phrase the effect of devotion to a pure and unselfish ideal. Some of the local touches, in Ireland, in Spain, in South America, or "Hispaniola," the scene of a revolution and a boy emperor, are richly vivid. Each character of the many which crowd the pages is individualized and excites our interest, while the romance holds our attention to the end.

The author of the love romance called "Wallace Rhodes"[1] has used her material with wisdom and skill—some of it difficult to handle and possibly open to criticism, but undoubtedly effective and to a large degree true to life. The dominant love of a man's life is given to his son, after he has been betrayed by his wife, the mother of his son. To save that son from a like fate of hateful disillusion, the father adopts the advice of an old friend and sets out to act as a decoy. In the absence of his son he devotes himself to win the light fancy (as he supposes) of the frivolous girl to whom his son is pledged. This opens many tragic possibilities. He succeeds in his plot, being cruel in order, as he believes, to be kind. He is obliged to marry the girl, and, to his dismay, finds he loves her and she truly loves him, and by her love is transformed into a woman worthy of any man. She is of his own social station, careless rather than bad, the daughter of an impoverished Southern gentleman gambler. The dramatic possibilities of the plot are plain to be seen. The picture of life in a small Southern town, a cotton-raising country, is perfectly done. The struggle between parental and filial love and passion is the powerful undercurrent upon which float and sparkle the bubbles of provincial humor, gossip, and social effort. The book is well written, and will be found entertaining.

There is no tongue so beguiling as that of an Irishman, and, in "The Wiles of Maginnis,"[2] Maginnis, from Kerry, rises to an ideal height by way of his untrammeled imagination. Maurice Francis Eagan understands his wiles, and though we recognize and deplore his mendacity, we succumb to his charm. Sexton Maginnis manages the whole community, except "Herself," his mother-in-law, from Father Dudley and the good Sisters to the non-paying boarders that his wife, Mary Ann, works for. He puts his finger in everybody's business, and goes on as cheerfully after making blunders as when he is gloriously successful in his designs. There is much humor in the book, and a clever picture of the ways and ideals of both Italians and Irish-Americans.

Four stories[1] from the author of "Red Pottage" are prefaced by a rather witty rehearsal of the trials of authorship. Each story shows a woman and analyzes her with skill. The lonely prairie home, where the wife waits her husband's return, having disobeyed his last injunction to let no one in, by allowing a miserable wounded tramp to lie by the fire, is a somber picture wonderfully done. The dramatic stir all through the story reaches a climax with such true artistic feeling that even the hardened novel-reader will feel a thrill. The amusing and witty contrast between true and false sentiment, in the tale of a fugitive convict woman, arouses alternately smiles and sober thought. "The Understudy" and "St. Luke's Summer" are in no way inferior to the other two, making an exceptional quartet of entertaining and well-conceived stories.

We are not as familiar with the homely folk of Wales as with their Scotch, Irish, or English neighbors. So we open a collection of tales[2] by Jeannette Marks with pleasant anticipations, encouraged by the unusually charming tinted pictures. The tone of the book is refined, tender, and eminently full of the grace of truth. The first story, of the old wife deceiving her dying husband by singing the cuckoo's note before the time of the watched-for songster is come, and the remonstrance of the shocked elders of the church at her deception, is finely narrated. The breath of the Welsh revival blows through the stories, and they are pathetic or quietly humorous as life goes.

The old conflict of opinion as to the comparative power of heredity or environment is the basis of a novel with some unusual qualities by Arabella Kenealy.[3] A coldly scientific physician, upon a rare impulse, confides to a fellow-doctor his plan to exchange, at birth, the children of a convicted murderess and a lady of noble and refined nature. Upon shocked remonstrance, he easily gives up his intention in words; but, as his friend learns long after, really carries it out. Many years later Dr. Lowood, having retired from practice, determines to find out the result of his former friend's really criminal experiment. Not knowing all the names or all the facts in the matter, his investigations lead him into many wrong sus-

[1] Wallace Rhodes. By Norah Davis. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.
[2] The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis. By Maurice Francis Egan. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

[1] The Hand on the Latch. By Mary Cholmondeley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.
[2] Through Welsh Doorways. By Jeannette Marks. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.
[3] The Whips of Time. By Arabella Kenealy. Little, Brown & Co. Boston. $1.50.

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picions, but finally the solution is reached and the whole terrible story is clear before him. His contention is proven true. Heredity is stronger than environment, though the latter contains much force if allowed full play. The characters in the book, evil and good, noble and simple, are excellently drawn, and though in fact the novel is sensational, it is well conceived and well written.

Mrs. Barr has written a simple romance of the island of Arran,[1] portraying the sturdy Scotch folk of that region from an intimate knowledge. She seems to love to dwell upon the affectionate bond between father and daughter. Robert Brodick—good and righteous deacon—and Annie, his pretty and somewhat willful daughter, are the central figures of the story. Annie chooses her way in the world, not a bad way, but one upon which her whole nature is set in spite of her father's disapproval. How the Hands of Compulsion show themselves to be also and always the Hands of Compassion, and how unselfish and filial love triumphs over passionate impulse and narrow nature, is told in Mrs. Barr's best style.

"You are gey fine at the comic," cries Christina to her prim aunt when the latter unbends; and the same thing may be said of Mr. J. J. Bell. His "Oh! Christina!"[2] is quite as amusing as was his "Wee Macgreegor," but with a quaint, bristling, slangy, good-hearted little girl as the exponent of Glasga' humor, instead of a laddie. The book may be read in an hour, and that hour at least will be one of jollity.

"Fame's Pathway" was but thorny and difficult to Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, as may be seen in the novel by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.[3] The youth whose slumbering genius was awakened by a chance meeting with a beautiful girl through her influence found his place and became the great French dramatist Molière. The author makes use of his study of the life of Molière in this novel. Whether he goes further than to fill his stage with wire-strung actors the reader must judge for himself. There are many words to be passed before the heart of the tale is reached, and then it shows but a feeble pulse, and we are not deeply impressed by the sorrows and struggles of the genius of the seventeenth century.

In "Uncle Gregory,"[4] by George Sandeman, we have a novel upon unusual lines. A millionaire died, after a most exemplary life, leaving his money and his instructions to his nephews and nieces, and binding them to carry on his extraordinary philanthropies. The trust became a nightmare to the young people involved. Their happiness was imperiled and their very natures changed. How the bogy was exorcised and normal conditions were resumed, together with a new estimate of Uncle Gregory's real character, is related in a painstaking way. There is almost too much solid reading and too little humor and romance in the story to redeem it from the charge of being a thinly disguised tract.

A pleasant story of the beneficial influence possible to be exerted by one person over another is told by Jennette Lee in "Simeon Tetlow's Shadow."[1] The overworked president of the R. & Q. Railroad, with his nerves all exposed and his temper on edge, finds at last an ideal private secretary in John Bennett, a quiet, capable youth, trained in many ways through his loving attendance on an invalid mother, yet developing a wonderful aptitude for untangling business complications. If John is a phenomenon, we are fully warned, and cannot complain at the marvelous deeds that star his onward career. Simeon Tetlow is true enough to life, and, unfortunately, he is ordinary enough in recent years to excite no surprise. But John is so extraordinary that the author may be called upon for her recipe. Whether he could be made up for real life is perhaps doubtful, but it is restful to read how, with his combined masculine and feminine nature, he smoothed the thorny way of his business master and filled his mother's heart with peace. The author of "Uncle William" still sees the bright side of life.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION

The territorial extension of the United States from its post-colonial, limited form into a mighty nation stretching from one ocean to the other, and with possessions on the far side of the globe, is a matter of vital interest to all of us, and its story abounds in achievement and romance. The view-point taken by Mr. Bruce in the articles, first printed in The Outlook, and now gathered into a notably well printed and illustrated volume,[2] is that of the great men who led the eight forward movements recorded—Boone, Jefferson, Jackson, Houston, Benton, Fremont, Seward, and McKinley. This seems a happily devised method of bringing out strongly the dramatic and personal incidents of the episodes involved. It is true that the individual leader is less typical of the expansion in some cases than

[1] The Hands of Compulsion. By Amelia E. Barr. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.
[2] Oh! Christina! By J. J. Bell. The F. H. Revell Company, New York. 60c., net.
[3] Fame's Pathway. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50.
[4] Uncle Gregory. By George Sandeman. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[1] Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. By Jennette Lee. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.
[2] The Romance of American Expansion. By H. Addington Bruce. Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York. $1.75, net.

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in others (that, for instance, Jefferson's personal leadership as to the purchase of Louisiana was more positive than McKinley's in the Philippine acquisition), but, generally speaking, the achievement was in a genuine sense a personal one as well as a National movement. As Mr. Bruce says in his prefatory note, our instincts and needs irresistibly impelled the Nation to territorial enlargement, and it is a cause for National pride that there is so little to regret and so much to admire in the story of American expansion. In clarity of narrative, smoothness of style, and sense of proportion as to subject matter, Mr. Bruce has told this story admirably. An excellent feature of the book is a supplementary chapter giving hints for further reading—not a mere list of books, but a carefully prepared sketch of the literature of the entire subject.

PUBLIC OPINION

THE TARIFF DISCUSSION

I am much obliged to Mr. Palmer, the Secretary of the American Beet Sugar Association, for drawing attention to the fact that I did not deal in my tariff article in The Outlook specifically with beet sugar. The figures I gave referred to the general sugar industry. It is no doubt true, as the census bulletin quoted by Mr. Palmer shows, that the cost to the refiners of beet sugar in 1904 was 81.8 per cent of the total value of the product. But Mr. Palmer omits that very important portion of the cost to the consumer (for whom I speak)—the cost of producing the sugar beets. In an address on that subject, which has been reprinted by the United States Senate, Mr. Palmer says (p. 40):

> This year (1908) the farmers of these States will receive $20,000,000 for their crop of sugar beets, from which will be produced 400,000 tons of refined granulated sugar, the gross returns to the farmers running from $60 to $125 per acre, with an average expense of production of $35 to $40 per acre.

If this statement is correct, the percentage of cost is less than I have stated.

To enable this profit to be realized, a duty which averaged in 1904, the census year, over a cent and a half a pound was imposed upon 1,620,000 tons imported into this country. The average cost in the foreign country from which it was imported was 1.94 cents per pound (U. S. Statistical Abstract, 1906, page 480). The same work, page 533, gives the total consumption of sugar in the United States for the same year as 2,767,162 pounds, an average of 75 pounds for each person in the United States. In a family of six this would be 451 pounds. The increase in cost to the consumer is always more than the duty, and was at least two cents a pound, or nine dollars for the family. In the family of a rich man this tax is trifling. To the man that earns ten dollars a week or less it is burdensome and unjust. It is imposed upon 76,000,000 people, and how many does it benefit? The bulletin Mr. Palmer quotes shows that there were employed in the refineries of beet sugar 4,726 persons. The area under cultivation in 1904 is 240,757 acres. Allowing three workmen to the hundred acres, which is more than the average, this would make 7,221 persons engaged in the production of the sugar beet in the United States. In the address I have quoted Mr. Palmer says: "More and more of our field work is being done by horses. Ten years from now but little hand work will be necessary."

It thus appears that to benefit 12,000 persons scattered through the country, every consumer in the United States is compelled to pay two cents per pound more for his sugar. To me this seems a wicked thing. It does not hurt me personally, but in the name of the poor who suffer from it, I protest.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

New York City.

A REPORT OF FRIENDLY RELATIONS

I have just completed an eight days' trip through the State of South Carolina, during which time I spoke on an average of seven or eight times a day in churches, in halls, in theaters, at depots, at crossroads, from the train, and elsewhere. During these eight days I must have met and spoken to 50,000 people of both races in the State of South Carolina. The details of the trip were kindly worked out and carried into execution by the Rev. Richard Carroll and Mr. W. T. Andrews, of the State of South Carolina. The plans were so arranged that I could cover the largest amount of territory and speak to the largest number of people in the shortest time.

My object in going on this educational tour was to see for myself the actual condition of my own race and to say a word wherever I could that would improve their life, and to note the actual relations existing between white people and black people, and to make a suggestion wherever I could that would further promote friendly relations. Of course in a great State like South Carolina one cannot fail to see many things that are wrong, that are unjust, that need changing for the better. Notwithstanding this fact, I was surprised, from the beginning to the end of the trip, at the tremendous progress that the negro race is making and at the friendly relations existing between black people and white people.

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South Carolina, and indeed the whole South, suffers by reason of the fact that the best things that occur in the South seldom are heard of outside of the community in which they take place, while the worst things are widely reported throughout the country.

I was surprised, in the first place, at the large and enthusiastic audiences which attended every meeting. We could find no hall large enough to contain those who wished to attend. In every case the very best type of white men and white women were present in large numbers, and in many cases these white people went out of their way to make the meeting a success. In several cases the City Council passed resolutions asking that a meeting be held in their city, and in still others, when our party reached town, the white people loaned the use of their own carriages and their own coachmen to convey our party to and from the depot and through the city.

Wherever it was requested, the Mayors of the cities which we visited delivered addresses, and they were fine addresses. The address of welcome delivered by the Mayor of Charleston, South Carolina, the Mayor of Rock Hill, South Carolina, and other places, could not be excelled for liberality and frankness and courage.

The people in charge of the trains were most kind and thoughtful. The conductors in many cases went out of their way in order to hold the trains that the people might hear speeches at the depot, and in many ways changed the schedule or regular order of things for our accommodation and the convenience of the masses who wanted to hear the speaking.

In all these meetings I did not fail to speak plainly and pointedly concerning the necessity for education of all the people.

In South Carolina, as in most parts of the South, I found the individual relations between black and white nearly all that could be hoped for. We frequently get a wrong impression of conditions in the South because we place too much dependence upon utterances made in Congress or in newspapers or when some one is on parade. Everywhere I went I found at least one white man who believed implicitly in one negro; I found at least one negro who believed implicitly in one white man; and so it goes all through the South. So long as these individual relations are as kindly as they are, there is great hope for the future.

I was convinced, too, as I made this trip through the State of South Carolina, that more and more in the future an effort should be made to speak directly to the best type of Southern white people about our methods and aims in the education of the negro. There is too much discussion at long distance. In many cases the white people in the South do not understand the methods that are being pursued, nor the object sought. In proportion as we are perfectly frank with each other the difficulties are going to disappear, and larger amounts of money are going to be forthcoming from the South itself for the education of the black man.

In closing, let me express the hope that I may be permitted to spend a larger proportion of my time in making similar trips through other Southern States. I am sure that in doing so I can promote the cause of education and peace and general prosperity in a larger degree than I have been able to do in the past.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

"TOTING FAIR" WITH THE CHILDREN

A reader of The Outlook who has been interested in our recent group of articles on "The Life of the Farmer" has sent us the following clipping from a Western paper. We are glad to print it as a constructive suggestion for the solution of one vital phase of country life.—THE EDITORS.

KEEPING BOYS ON THE FARM

THE VERY SENSIBLE PLAN ADOPTED BY A KANSAS FARMER

Charles Kirtland, of Salina, Kansas, has solved the much-discussed problem of keeping boys on the farm.

Mr. Kirtland owns 250 acres six miles from Salina. He has three boys—Fred, aged sixteen; John, fourteen; and Chester, six. There are three girls.

In the winter Mr. Kirtland's family lives in Salina on account of school facilities and to enjoy the social life. So much is the family in love with the country, however, that before the snow has fairly gone all are begging to go back to the farm.

The secret of it?

Co-operation, partnership.

The Kirtland family is a pure democracy in which every member is a citizen, with the rights and the privileges of citizenship.

Ever since they have been old enough to be interested in any way the children have had some share, however small, in the farm. Each has something he can call his own.

Mr. Kirtland has "toted fair" with the children. If they were not old enough to exercise judgment as to money or property, they were properly credited on the books. It is interesting to note how the boys are getting on.

For instance—

Last year Fred and John, having accu-

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mulated some capital, rented an adjoining forty acres. They used the family teams to break the ground, paying a stipulated sum per day for their use. They bought seed wheat and paid for the threshing.

The two boys made a profit of $450 on the venture. Next year they say they will do better. And they did this without neglecting their home duties or their schooling.

Do you wonder that these boys are content and happy on the farm?

Chester, the little one of six years, determined to acquire some property. He bought with his little savings a couple of orphan pigs, baby pigs. That was a year ago. Twice daily he filled his little pail from the milk separator and fed the orphans.

The pigs thrived, and a short time ago, when the father sold a bunch of hogs, Chester's orphans brought $15. Every cent went on Chester's bank-book.

The girls also have their own property. But that is another story.

The Kansas farmer has simply treated his children as intelligent units of the little republic of the family. He has supplied the motive—so lacking to most farm boys—of intelligent self-interest.

SCHOOLS AND THE CIVIC IDEAL

In its open letter published in The Outlook, April 3, 1909, the School Citizens' Committee not only has failed to make clear the position it desires to take with respect to our schools, but has also laid itself open to criticism on a number of points. The letter indicates a lack of knowledge, or of appreciation, of the fact that the civic ideal, the development of intelligent, efficient, and upright citizens, has long been one of the chief ideals for the realization of which the schools have been earnestly working. The letter indicates also that the Committee has failed to perceive that the entire question of the development of citizens is an educational one, and that about the only phase of the question which might be termed its purely moral and civic aspect is the consideration of the ideal, the intelligent, efficient, and upright citizen, an ideal which in order to be definite needs to be reformulated as new factors enter into our civic life. When, therefore, the Committee begins to speak of principles, of methods, of judgments of methods, and of experiments in our schools, it enters the field of education into the sacred precincts of which it repeatedly asserts it is not qualified to enter.

While this is not the proper place to discuss the pedagogical soundness of the School City plan, it should be noted that the judgment presented by the Committee cannot be regarded as of great value, since the judges themselves have admitted their lack of professional knowledge which would fit them to pass judgment upon educational questions, and since the reasoning given is entirely too abbreviated to warrant the validity of the conclusion presented. Moreover, a study of the School City scheme from the standpoint of the history of the theory and practice of education will reveal the fact that the scheme is really based upon antiquated theories of education, and that, besides containing some features which are almost vicious, it is also objectionable from the standpoint of simple school administration.

Since the Committee is dealing with an educational problem, must it not associate with itself educators of standing in order to do efficient work, which shall commend itself alike to educators and the public? And, after all, is the vital problem what the Committee appears to think it is, "the practical training of *children* in citizenship," or is it the problem of providing civic instruction for our young men between sixteen and twenty-one, which shall awaken thoughts which we are now allowing to be forgotten a short time after the school door closes behind the boy, and which shall build upon and supplement the instruction received in the school? If in some way we could inspire these young men with lofty civic ideals which might guide them in their civic life, if in some way we could develop in them a knowledge of the vital facts of civics which would enable them to live their civic life intelligently, would we not be taking a big step toward securing that healthy, sane, and efficient body of citizens upon whose intelligent and energetic support depends the success of our civic and political leaders?

A. MONROE STOWE.

State Normal School, Hyannis, Massachusetts.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT

To be born of a mother who can furnish her religion.

Of a father who can furnish her politics.

Of a mother who can teach her housework and plain sewing.

Of a father who can and will direct her other lessons.

To an education which will train her in courage, unselfishness, silence; and fit her to earn her own living in that state of life into which it shall please God to call her.

To a husband, if she be chosen by one, whose greatest interest is the home they make together.

To a life of earnest work streaked with wholesome play.

To a death peaceful and contented.

M.

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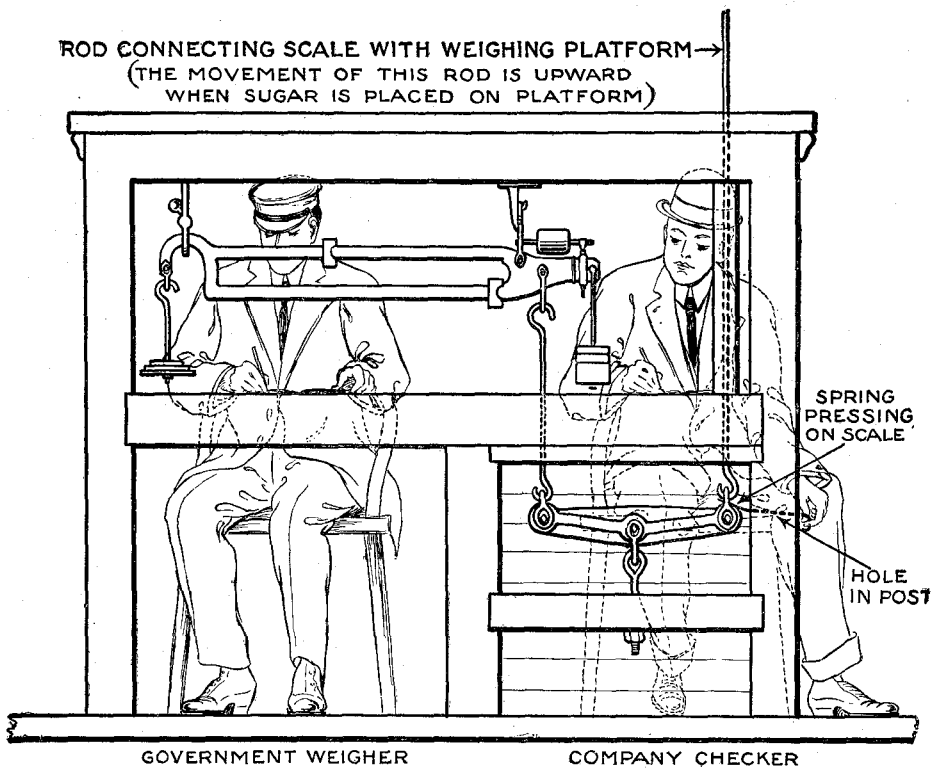

The Case of the Seventeen Holes

By Harold J. Howland

THE greatest sugar refinery in the world lies stretched out along the river front in Brooklyn. Five or six hulking, four-square structures, grimed with the breath of the city's chimneys and their own, fill the width of as many blocks. Dark galleries connect building with building high over the street, and huge pipes lead the liquid sugar from melting-pot to evaporating-pan. No casual visitor, they will tell you, has ever penetrated those forbidding walls. Secret processes, not even patented, are there hidden, so runs the gossip, from competitors' eyes. Along the riverside lie the docks where ships from Cuba and the other West Indian islands, Brazil, Peru, the Guianas, Egypt, and distant Java discharge their cargoes of raw sugar. This is the Havemeyer & Elder refinery of the American Sugar Refining Company of New York, a constituent company of the powerful Sugar Trust.

Every bag of sugar that lands at those docks must pay a toll to the Government—a customs duty of a little more than a cent and a half on the pound.

But in six years the Sugar Refining Company landed at those docks seventy-five million pounds of sugar on which, by an ingenious fraud, not a cent of duty was paid. In those years there was stolen from the Government by that Company, the most important member of the Sugar Trust, nearly a million and a quarter dollars in short duties. Stolen is a harsh word, but let us quote the words of the attorney for the defense in the trial which ended in March: "The charge is that over a series of years the American Sugar Refining Company of New York has been systematically, in season and out of season, from 1901 down

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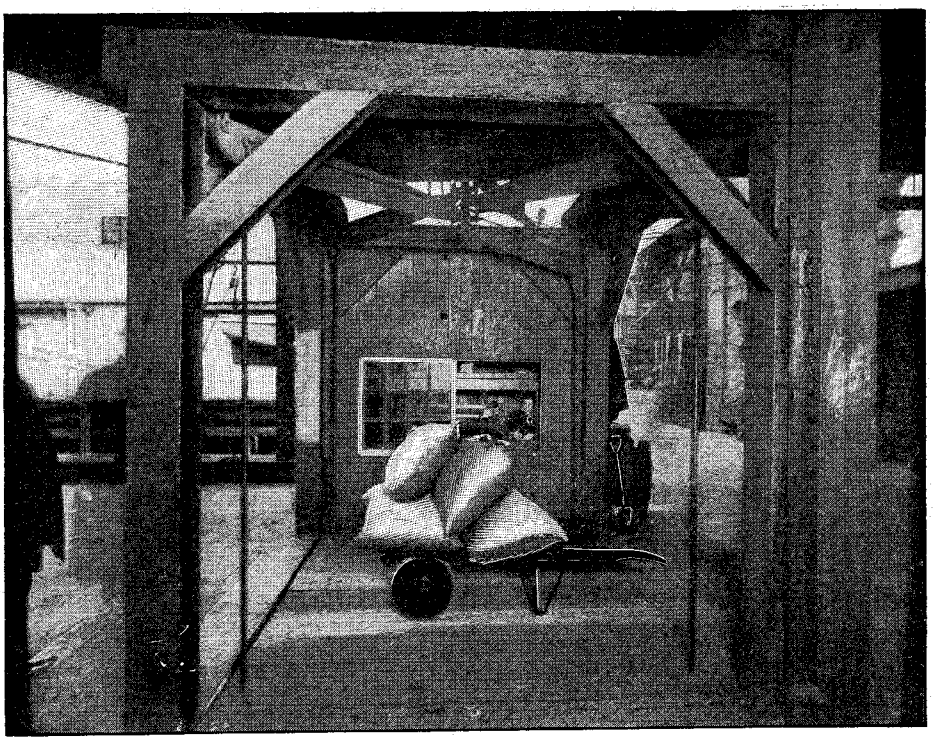

ONE OF THE SEVENTEEN SCALES

On the scales of which this is one, the sugar is weighed for the computation of the duty. The windows are in the side of the scale-house in which the Government weigher and the Company checker sat. A draft or truck-load of sugar is on the platform of the scale, ready for weighing

until the close of 1907, engaged in stealing from the United States." In season and out of season, Mr. Stanchfield said, but he neglected to explain just what are the limits of the open and closed seasons on this particular kind of sport. The jury returned a verdict for the Government for the full penalty which it claimed, so there you are.

Those stolen duties have just been repaid under the usual formal protest. And the cause of the restitution is to be found in the Case of the Seventeen Holes.

As the sugar comes over the side of the ship it is weighed by the customs officers, and to that end there are seventeen big Fairbanks scales placed at intervals along the docks. Each scale has a platform eight or ten feet square, its surface flush with the surface of the dock, like the scales that you have seen so often outside a coal dealer's or a feed-store. The brass bar of the scale, where the weight is read, is within a little house fronted with glass, so that the weigher can see the platform and what is on it as he adjusts the poise. These scales, it should be remembered, belong to the Company, and its representatives keep the keys of the scale-houses, and are supposed to lock them every night.

A few weeks ago I stood upon the platform of one of these scales, looking through the glass side of the scale-house. Behind the registering bar, facing me, two men sat, each with a small blank-book on the ledge before him. The man on my left pushed the poise along the beam till it balanced, and read off my weight, "One hundred and seventy pounds." Both men recorded the figures in their books. Then the other man leaned over to the left and dropped his hand into the dark corner under the ledge. Once more the weigher adjusted the poise—but now the beam balanced at one hundred and sixty-two pounds. In two minutes I had, without knowing how, been robbed of eight pounds of weight.

It was a little masquerade that we enacted. I represented a truck bearing four

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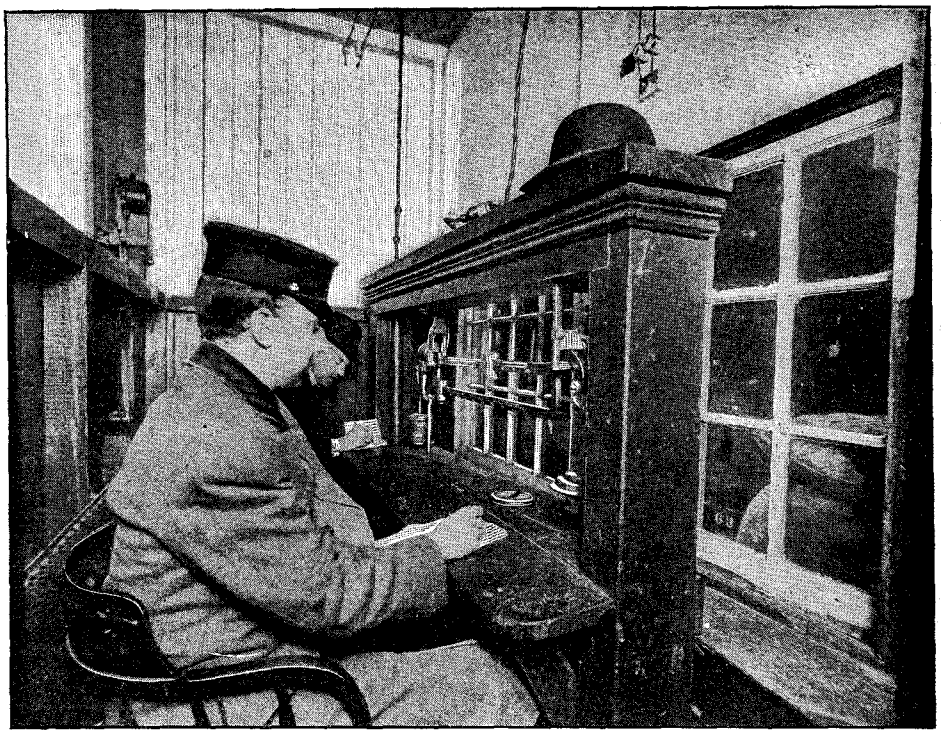

INSIDE THE SCALE-HOUSE

The man in the foreground is the Government weigher who was in the scale-house when the spring was discovered. The man in the corner is Richard Parr, the Government agent who found the spring. He occupies in this picture the position of the Company checker

bags of raw sugar. The man on my left impersonated the customs officer charged with weighing the sugar and recording the weight for the collection of the duties. He is known as the Government weigher. The man on my right took the place of an employee of the refinery, whose duty it was to check the operations of the Government weigher and keep a record for the Company. He is known as the Company checker. The motions we had just gone through were a dramatic illustration of the practice by which for six years the Sugar Refining Company had been stealing from the Government.

Stepping from the scale platform, I went around into the scale-house. Taking the seat in the corner, I ran my hand down where my companion's had been a moment before. As I sat where a Company checker had sat every day for years, just by my left knee was a thick post supporting one end of the shelf beneath the scale bar. Under the shelf was a system of levers and joints which formed the connection between the registering beam and the rod leading to the platform outside. Between the post and the end wall of the scale-house was a space perhaps a foot wide, as dark as a pocket. Running my hand down the post, I touched a thin strip of iron protruding from the post, its outer end bent into a ring. The strip worked loosely in a hole in the post, and as I pushed it through, its inner end ran over a joint of the scale mechanism. It was easy to see how the spring of the steel would exert force upon the levers and make the registering beam drop.

"We've found," said my companion, "that a pressure of one ounce just at that point is good for a loss of forty-eight ounces on the platform outside. You see now where those eight pounds went to that you lost so miraculously."

Lighting a match, we drew out the strip and inspected the hole in which it had been. It was perhaps a quarter of an inch in diameter, and its edges were worn and rounded. Just above it was a cleat; and beneath the cleat horizontal scratches converged into a veritable groove as they approached the

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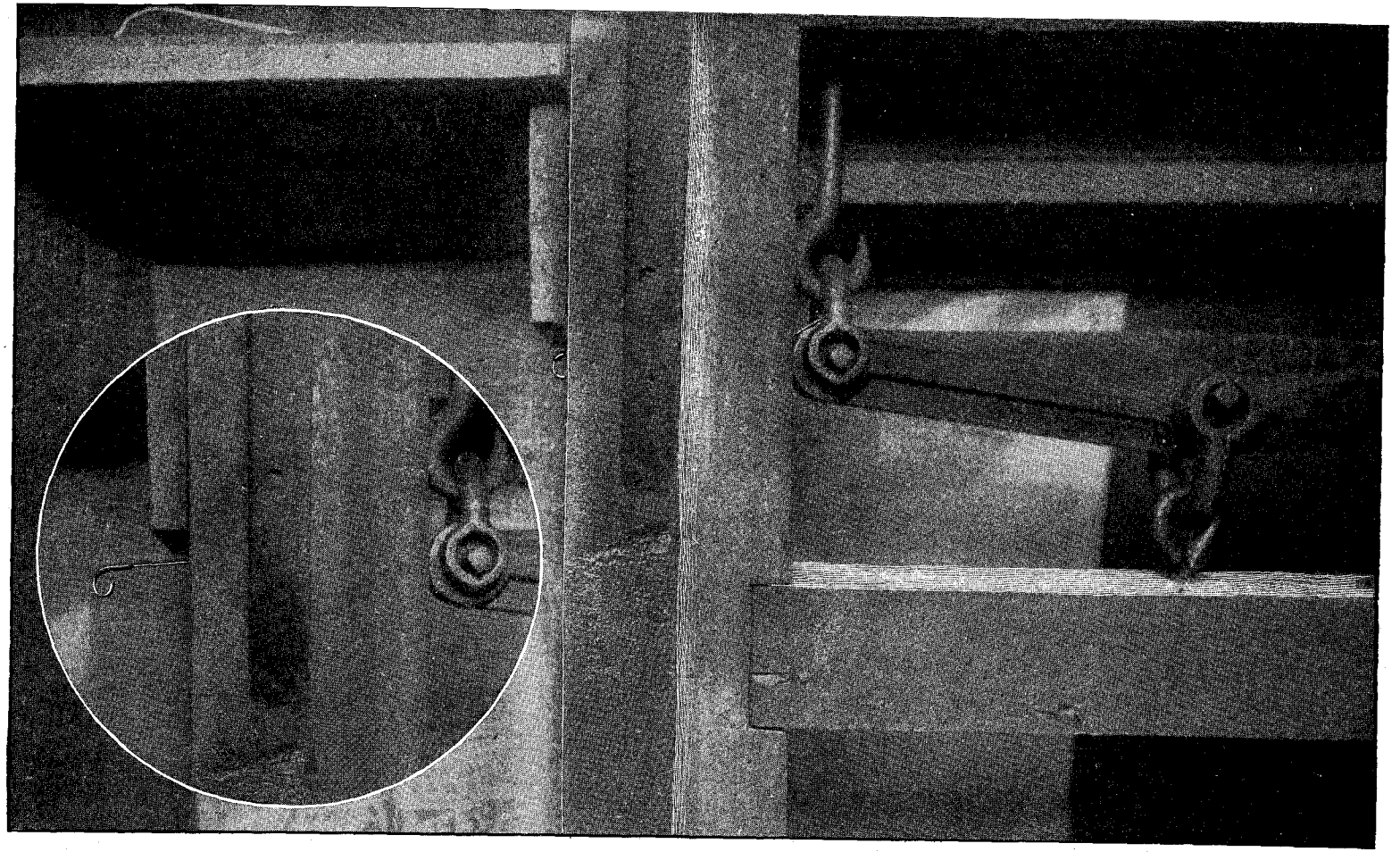

THE SPRING IN POSITION

This shows the mechanism under the shelf in the scale-house just in front of the Company checker's chair. Ordinarily this space was boarded over, but the covering has been removed for the purpose of making a photograph. When sugar is put on the platform outside, the platform sinks, and, by a system of levers and joints, pulls up the rod which is seen running to the top of the picture. The spring, which is shown in its working position, bears on the point at which this rod connects with the other mechanism, serving by its pressure to retard the movement of the rod, and so to cause the registering beam to show less weight than otherwise the load on the platform would register. The circular illustration shows the spring drawn out, as it had to be whenever there was no weight on the platform, in order that the registering beam might act naturally and not attract the attention of the Government weigher in case he should "balance his beam"

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hole itself. It required little imagination to picture the bit of steel spring, held in some hand (whose in the world but the man's who sat in that chair day after day?) in the gloom of that narrow corner scratching across the post, guided by the edge of the cleat, in search of the hole into which it fitted. On the inner side of the post the hole was worn much larger.

Regularly spaced along the dock stand the seventeen scale-houses; and in the obscurity of each one's farther corner a sturdy post is pierced by a hole like this. Some were worn more, some less; for not all the scales are used at once. As each ship unloads, her cargo is weighed at the scale-houses nearest her berth, and in the natural course of events some berths are more continuously occupied than others. It was proved at the trial that nine-tenths of the sugar received at this refinery was weighed on five of the scales, and it is worthy of note that the holes in the posts in those scale-houses were very much more worn than those in the other houses. In several of them the hole had been worn so large that the spring evidently did not work satisfactorily, and the enlarged hole had been filled in, in one case with putty, in another with tacks driven in at its upper edge, in a third with a sliver of wood glued in to make the hole smaller. In the most striking of the cases the hole had become enlarged; it had been reduced by driving in two wooden pegs; these in their turn had become worn; and then the wood round the hole had been cut out and a fresh piece with a new and smaller hole had been countersunk into the post. This countersunk piece had evidently been painted over at the same time with the post itself; and the dried and worn condition of the paint showed that the repair must have been made a long time ago. On one of the scales a groove had been filed at the point on the iron lever where the end of the spring rested, presumably to give an accurate resting-place for the spring, and in other cases this point had been worn smooth by the friction of the spring.

Seventeen scale-houses there are, and by the same token seventeen holes. Hence the Federal Attorney's designation of the case: The Case of the Seventeen Holes against the American Sugar Refining Company of New York.

In the summer of 1907 a man named Richard Whalley appeared at the Treasury Department in Washington and related that during the ten years from 1892 to 1902 he had been employed on the Sugar Company's docks as a Company checker, and that from 1897, when the Dingley tariff went into effect, he had been in the habit of using methods for lessening the apparent weight of drafts of sugar. These methods he had employed with the knowledge, and indeed by the direction, of the Company's dock superintendent. Whalley was a pretty poor specimen of a man, and he was doubtless actuated in offering this information by the desire of obtaining a reward. Nevertheless, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury had Whalley put on the Department's pay-roll as a special employee, and told him to go back to Brooklyn and see what he could find out about the continued existence of such practices. At the same time a special agent of the customs service, Richard Parr, who had been for some time quietly investigating the possibility of such frauds on his own account, was detailed to work upon the case, assisted by another agent, James O. Brzezinski.

Whalley obtained employment as a tallyman for the owner of a ship which was discharging a cargo, his duty being to stand in front of the scale-house and make a record of the number of bags of sugar landed from the vessel.

On November 19 he reported to Parr that while he had been unable to discover any definite evidence of fraud, he noticed that whenever a draft of sugar was put upon the scales, the Company checker in the scale-house dropped his left hand at his side in a peculiar way. It was arranged that the next morning Parr and Brzezinski should come to the dock, and if Whalley noticed the same action on the part of the Company's checker he should raise his hat. About ten o'clock on November 20 Parr and Brzezinski appeared upon the dock, and when Whalley saw them he gave the signal agreed upon. Parr had quietly instructed another Government employee who was on the dock, when he saw Parr approach a scale-house,

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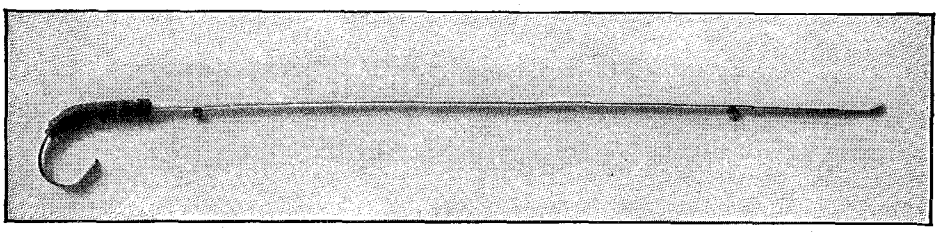

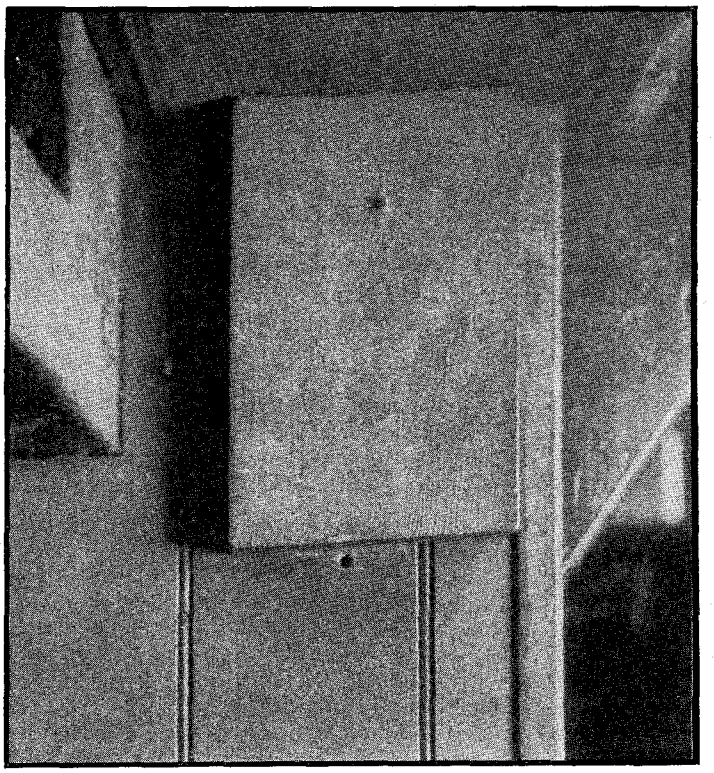

THE SPRING AND THE HOLE

to stop the last three drafts of sugar which had been weighed on that scale. On receiving the signal Parr went quickly and by a roundabout route, not to the scale-house where Whalley was stationed, but to another not far away. He pushed open the door, and just after he entered the house a draft of sugar was weighed. That fact should be remembered. Standing at the door, where he thoroughly commanded the situation, he directed that the last three drafts of sugar, which had been detained by his associate as they left the scales, be reweighed. The result was significant. The draft which was weighed just after he entered the scale-house weighed exactly the same the second time. But of the two other drafts the one weighed fourteen pounds more than it had three minutes before, the other eighteen pounds more. Rather a miraculous increase in so brief a space of time! But it is even more interesting that the draft weighed while the Government agent was in the scale-house had increased not at all on reweighing.

While this little scene in the drama was being acted, Parr noticed that the Company checker in the far corner was crouched over his counter in a curious fashion, with his left arm thrust down into the corner under the shelf, and that he kept changing color.

Stepping toward him, Parr asked: "What are you monkey-doodling with down there?"

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"Nuthin'," said Kehoe, the Company checker.

Parr ordered him to get up, sat down himself, and, running his hand down the post, discovered the spring with its curled handle, wound with string as if to protect the fingers of any one handling it. He did not take the spring out of the hole, but asked the checker what he knew about it. That individual professed the most complete ignorance of its existence, purpose, use, origin, or history. And, what is perhaps a little remarkable, he showed no curiosity about it, and even declined to look at the spring or the hole where it had been found. It was some little time before the Government agents went to the three other scale-houses which were in use that morning, and when they got there no springs were to be found, though there was a hole in the same position under every scale. But during the delay two of the Company checkers in these scale-houses had been relieved by other employees of the Company, and one, who was not relieved, had left his scale-house of his own accord. Whether any springs went with them can only be a matter of conjecture. But their unanimous departure seems not without significance.

A perusal of the figures representing the weights of all the drafts of sugar contained in the cargo of the Strathyre, the ship which was being unloaded on November 20, throws some interesting light on this point. The ship began to discharge her cargo on November 18, and the drafts which were unloaded on the first two days averaged generally considerably less than one thousand pounds in weight, but at the time when Parr discovered and removed the spring the average weights took a sudden jump, and during the rest of the unloading of that particular cargo, on November 22, 25, and 26, the weights averaged nearly one thousand and fifty pounds, and never dropped below a thousand and twenty pounds. This condition of affairs is graphically shown by the diagram on page 33. It will be noted in that diagram that the broken line, representing the weight of the drafts, takes a jump above the thousand mark in the early part of November 18. This jump is interesting because of the fact that the Deputy Surveyor of the Port, Mr. James F. Vail, was present on the dock on the morning of that day. It will be shown later in this article that whenever special Government officials or detectives were on the docks the duty weights were very much higher than they were at other times. The deduction that the springs were not used when there was danger of detection is irresistible.

One other incident of that morning is illuminating. The refinery docks have been for twenty years under the control of a dock superintendent, Oliver Spitzer. His rule was absolute; he hired and discharged the Company checkers, kept in his office the records of their work, and, as the District Attorney expresses it, "*was* the Company on the dock." A few minutes after the discovery of the spring Spitzer met Parr, according to the story of the latter, took him to one side, and asked him to name his price to hush the matter up. All he needed to do, said Spitzer, was to "lose that iron." As far as the testimony shows, he had had no opportunity of seeing the spring at that time, and, in fact, he testified himself that he did not see it until several months afterwards. Spitzer was tried in Brooklyn for attempted bribery, on the accusation of Brzezinski, Parr's fellow-agent, and was acquitted, owing very largely to Brzezinski's reversal at the trial of the statements which he had made in swearing to the complaint. Parr's story, however, was unshaken by his companion's change of front, and during the main trial, while under oath, Parr flatly accused Brzezinski (who in the meantime had been dismissed from the Government service and had not been called as a witness by either side) of perjury.

With the evidence of the happenings of November 20 as a basis, the Government brought suit against the Sugar Company. The suit was brought under a law which provides that if any one—owner, importer, consignee, agent, or other person—shall make use of any fraudulent practice or appliance by which the Government shall be deprived of any of its duties in regard to a given article, then that article or its value shall be forfeited to the Government. It is a simple regulation; if you try to smuggle a watch or a pair of gloves or a

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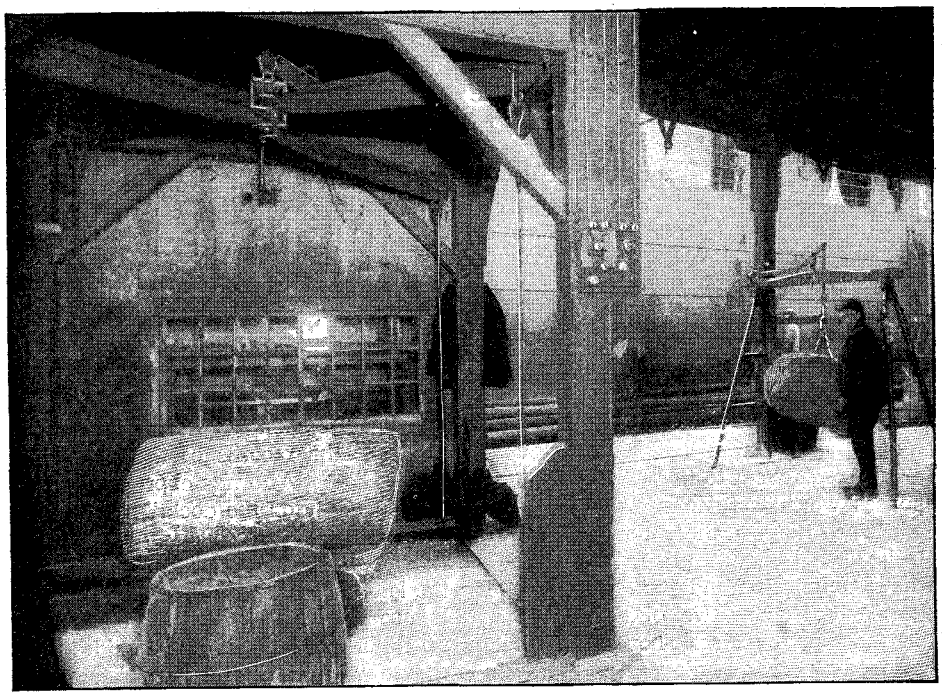

THE DUTY SCALES AND THE CITY WEIGHER'S STEELYARDS

On the platform scales at the left the sugar was weighed for the payment of duties. On the steelyards at the right, perhaps twenty feet away, the sugar was weighed again immediately by representatives of the seller to determine how much sugar the Company should pay for. The results of these two weighings were recorded by employees of the Company in the "pink books," illustrated on page 34

silk petticoat or a bag of sugar, and are caught at it, the Government takes the watch or the gloves or the petticoat or the sugar. Or if you contrive to bring in a box of cigars or part of a cargo of sugar without paying the duty, and the fraud is discovered after the cigars are smoked or the sugar has gone into the melting-pot and lost its identity, you must pay to the Government the value of the cigars or the sugar. And you must pay the duty as well. The forfeiture of the article or its value is a penalty for the fraud; it does not take the place of a restitution of the unpaid duties.

The action was merely a test case. It covered only sixty-eight cargoes of sugar imported since the end of 1905, for the statute of limitations on frauds of this character bars action after three years. From all the cargoes brought in during those two years the Government selected, in order to make its case impregnable, only those on which the average difference of weight on each draft was about the same as the difference on the two drafts weighed on November 20 when the fraud was discovered. The case called for the forfeiture of about $134,000, the value of the sugar on which duty was not paid in the selected cargoes. In this connection, too, the Government asked for less than it might legally have claimed, for, in the words of the presiding judge, "Under the law the entire sugar in any cargo—in any package—might be forfeited in case of proof that there was any fraud used in respect to any of the sugar in that package by which less duties were paid than should have been paid." The purpose of the Government in making this a test case, demanding only the most moderate penalties, was not to punish adequately the Sugar Company, not to make the punishment fit the crime. What would a great corporation like the Sugar Company care for the forfeiture of an insignificant sum like $134,000, or of any sum which a jury might be likely to award? Raising the price of sugar for a few days would make it good. The purpose was to establish the fact of the frauds, to fix the frauds upon the Company, to establish the principle that such frauds can be penalized, to lay the foundation for the return of the

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unpaid duties, and, above all, to secure the deterrent effect upon similar frauds of the popular contempt which exposure of such petty cheating would inevitably arouse. It may be said in passing that this last purpose, from the standpoint of public morality the most important of all, was largely nullified, as has already been said in The Outlook, by the unexplained unanimity with which the New York daily press, after giving the case considerable space up to a certain point, thereafter ignored it and its dramatic incidents.

The case for the Government was prosecuted by the Federal Attorney for the District, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, with the able co-operation of Assistant District Attorneys Denison and Buckner and several of their junior associates. The Company's case was under the personal charge of Mr. John E. Parsons, for years the general counsel of the Sugar Company, with Mr. John B. Stanchfield as the trial attorney. The trial lasted a month. The jury was out one hour, bringing in then a verdict for the entire penalty the Government asked for.

The starting-point of the Government's case was the discovery of the spring, the finding of the seventeen holes, one in every scale on the docks, and the observed result when the three drafts of sugar were reweighed just before the spring was found—one draft weighed originally while the special agent was in the scale-house showing no change on reweighal, the two others, weighed originally before his presence was discovered, showing an increase of fourteen and eighteen pounds respectively. That evidence showed how the fraud was accomplished. Other evidence indicating that the stealing had been systematic and long continued was soon forthcoming.

The Refining Company buys sugar in two ways, on "invoice weight" and on "landed weight." In the first case the Company pays for the amount of sugar shown on the consular invoice representing the weight of the sugar ascertained at the place of shipment. In the case of landed weight cargoes, the amount paid for is the weight taken on the refinery dock as the cargo is unloaded. For the purpose of ascertaining this landed weight, the sugar is weighed again, just after it has been weighed by the Government officers, by what are known as city weigh-

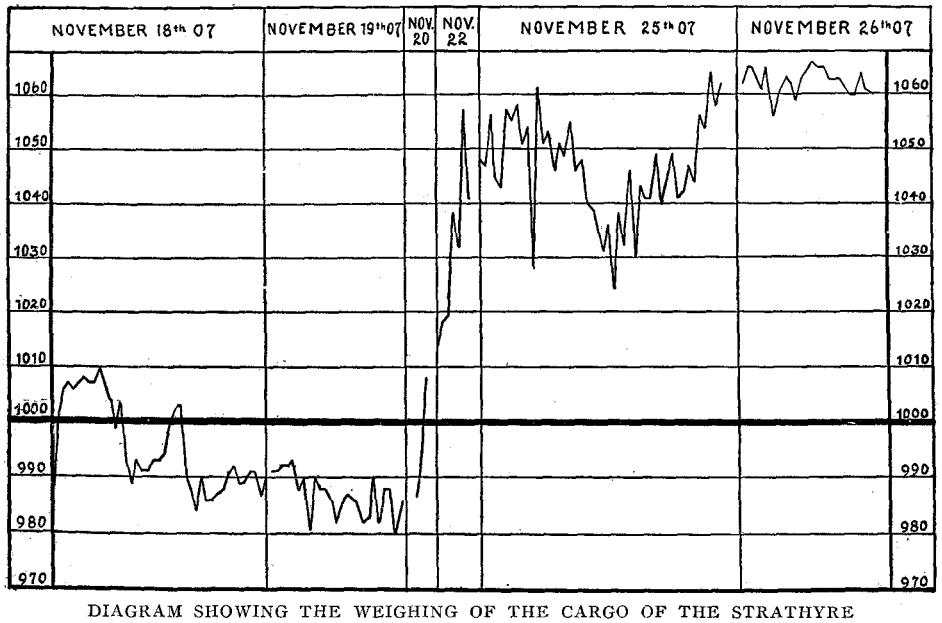

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE WEIGHING OF THE CARGO OF THE STRATHYRE

The jagged line represents the variations in the weights of the drafts of sugar in the cargo of the Strathyre, the ship which was being unloaded when the frauds were discovered. The weights ran below the black line which represents one thousand pounds until the discovery on the 20th of November. On the instant of the discovery (the very draft on which the discovery was made) the line jumps up well above the thousand pound mark and stays there for the rest of the cargo. The short time, on November 18th, when the line ran above the thousand pound mark, though the discovery had not then been made, was at a time when the Deputy Surveyor of the Port was on the dock making an investigation into some alleged irregularities

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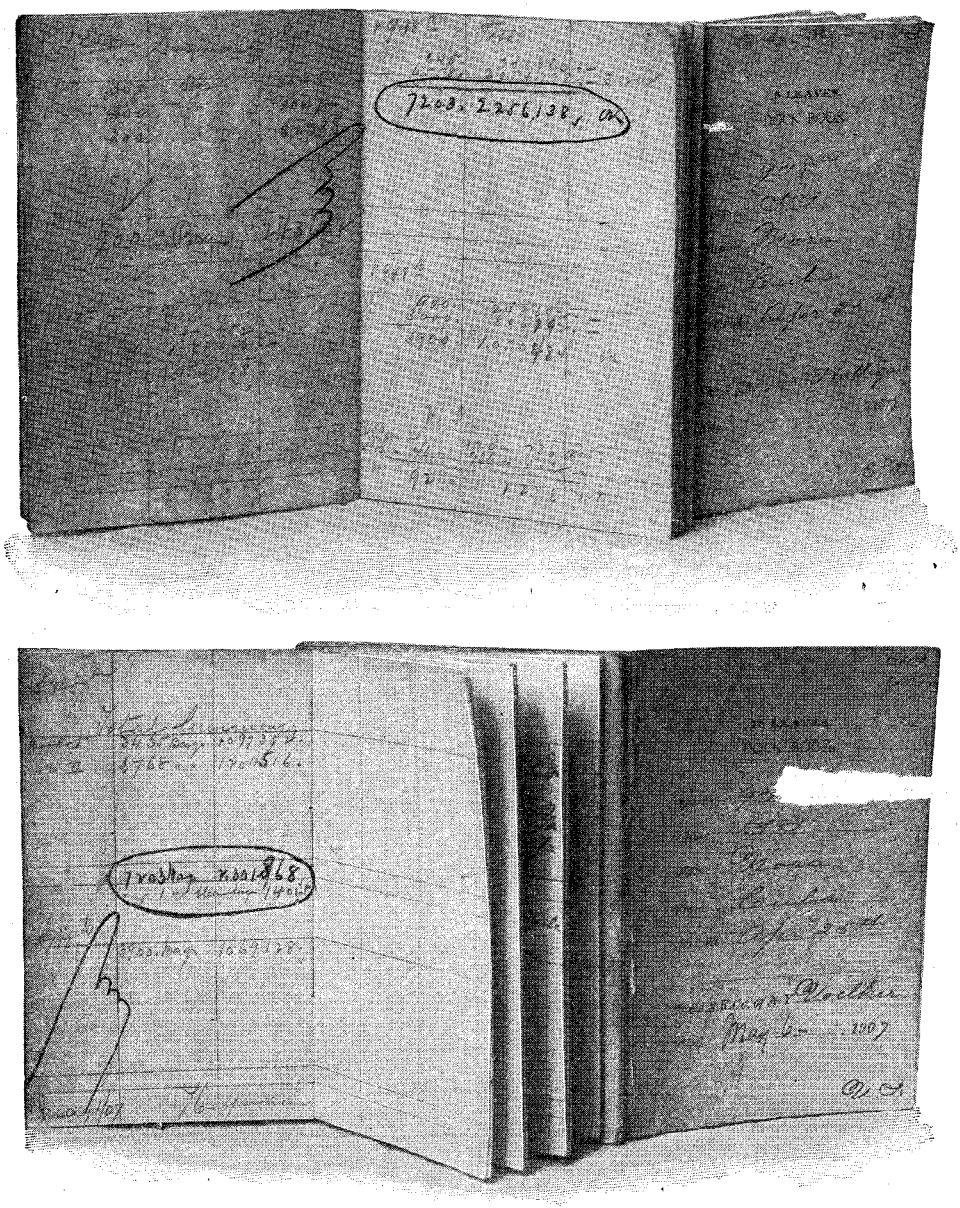
ers. These men (who have, despite their name, no real connection with the city) represent the sellers of the sugar. They use great steelyard scales, and do their work within twenty feet of the Government weighers. Immediately, then (certainly within five minutes), after the duty weight has been found by the Government weighers (and checked, you must not forget, by the Company checker), the purchase weight is ascertained by the city weighers. This weighing is also checked by an employee of the Company. Both checkers, the one in the scale-house and the one,



A PAIR OF THE PINK BOOKS

Two photographs of the same set of books. In the one above is shown the book containing the duty weight, in the one below the book containing the purchase weight. The hand above points out the duty weight—2,256,138 pounds; the hand below, the purchase weight, 2,301,868 pounds. (Note that the number of bags is the same in both books.) In other words, on this cargo the Sugar Refining Company *paid for* 40,000 pounds of sugar on which it *paid no duty*. And the figures showing this discrepancy were recorded by the Company's employees in these books, which were then pasted back to back and preserved in the Company's office on the docks

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twenty feet away, beside the steelyards, record the weight of each draft in a little pink book. When a cargo of sugar has been landed, weighed twice, and passed along into the refinery, each of the Company's checkers adds up the weights of the thousands of drafts as recorded by him and puts down the total in his pink book. The two books representing the same cargo are then pasted together back to back and filed in the office of the Company's dock superintendent. One book shows the amount of sugar in that cargo on which the Company paid duty to the Government; the second book (pasted back to back with the other, for easy reference, one would naturally suppose) shows the amount of sugar for which the Company paid the seller. A handful of these books, which I have examined at random, show in bold figures these interesting facts:

On May 18, 1907, the steamship Egda brought in a cargo of sugar on which the Company paid duty on 2,774,832 pounds; but it paid, to the seller of the sugar, for 2,799,116 pounds—24,000 pounds or 12 tons more.

On July 7, 1907, on the cargo of the steamer Olinda the Company paid duty on 3,174,180 pounds, while it paid the seller for 3,216,832 pounds, or over 20 tons more.

On March 14, 1907, the Bound Brook landed a cargo of sugar on which the duty weight was 3,169,022 pounds, while the purchase weight was 3,216,080, an increase of nearly 24 tons.

[illegible] the pink books show differences as high as 200,000 pounds.

In the pink books the Company had, carefully preserved, and so joined together as to make comparison almost inevitable, two sets of figures showing such astonishing discrepancies as these, and indicating one of two things: Either the duty weights were too low and the Company was defrauding the Government, or, if the duty weights were correct, the Company on cargo after cargo was paying for fifty, a hundred, even two hundred thousand pounds of sugar which it never got. Was the Company so careless that it either did not know of these discrepancies, or, knowing them, did not care that it was paying for sugar which it did not receive? Perhaps. But it was so careful in other particulars that dock, scales, deck, and hold were scrupulously swept to save the last particle of scattered sugar, and the sweepings delivered to the refinery. On one cargo where the pink books showed a difference of nearly twenty-five thousand pounds between duty weight and purchase weight, 473 pounds of sweepings, a large percentage of which was plain dirt, were collected and accounted for.

The differences between duty weights and purchase weights shown in the pink books were found also in other records. The Government attorneys had tables prepared covering shipments from December, 1901 (the date of organization of the particular corporation which was being sued, the American Sugar Refining Company of New York), to November, 1908, and showing in parallel columns duty weights, purchase weights, the difference between the two for the whole ship-load and on each draft when the duty weights were greater, and the same differences when the purchase weights were greater. Separate tables were made for landed weight cargoes and invoice weight cargoes. The figures for the duty weights were taken from the Custom-House records, those for the purchase weights from the sellers' books, verified at a later date by the books of the Refining Company itself. A few of the figures taken from the middle of the landed weight tables are shown in Table I.

Date of Entry.	Duty Weight.	Purchase Weight.	Duty Weight *Greater* than Purchase Weight.		Duty Weight *Less* than Purchase Weight.	
			Difference on Whole Cargo.	Difference on Each Draft.	Difference on Whole Cargo.	Difference on Each Draft.
1903						
March 23	3,405,560	3,504,112			98,484	25
" 25	2,908,691	2,973,063			64,227	20
" 27	1,255,447	1,278,437			12,040	11
" 27	1,484,188	1,509,098			23,504	15
" 30	2,024,205	2,065,810			41,207	18

TABLE I

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Do you see how the fourth and fifth columns, where the differences would appear if the weights found by the Government officers were larger than those found by the city weighers, are wholly blank? This blank runs almost unbroken through the entire tables. But if this uniformity were too complete, perhaps it might seem to prove too much. Fortunately, there are exceptions, which, taken with their logical explanation, give to the tables an overwhelming significance. One such entry showed the duty weight 475 pounds greater than the purchase weight, an average difference on each draft of 4-10 of a pound. But

Date of Entry.	Duty Weight	Purchase Weight.	Duty Weight *Greater* than Purchase Weight.		Duty Weight *Less* than Purchase Weight	
			Difference on Whole Cargo.	Difference on Each Draft.	Difference on Whole Cargo.	Difference on Each Draft.
1907						
Feb. 25	2,283,165	2,277,416	7,223	3		
Mar. 2	3,939,822	3,922,525	17,664	4		
" 6	2,058,092	2,057,335	1,160	5-10		
" 7	4,692,998	4,730,410			37,243	7
" 9	5,451,885	5,558,140			95,609	18

TABLE II

Date of Entry.	Duty Weight.	Purchase Weight.	Duty Weight *Greater* than Purchase Weight.		Duty Weight *Less* than Purchase Weight.	
			Difference on Whole Cargo.	Difference on Each Draft.	Difference on Whole Cargo.	Difference on Each Draft.
1907						
Aug. 24	8,974,683	9,106,419			127,892	13
Oct. 2	1,029,567	1,054,210			24,861	22
1908						
Jan. 27	7,492,578	7,479,543	10,547	1		
Feb. 1	3,549,591	3,549,557			620	1-10
" 6	456,158	455,357	654	1		
" 19	2,911,571	2,908,574	2,344	7-10		

TABLE III

this entry consisted of sugar packed in hogsheads instead of bags. Now, the regulations require that the duty weight of sugar so packed shall be stamped on the hogshead with a branding-iron as it leaves the scales. If the hogsheads were weighed falsely, comparison with the city weigher's figures would be inevitable. This condition exists in the tables whenever hogsheads were weighed. There were other exceptions, as is shown in Table II. See how the differences are in favor of the Government weigher for three shipments (but with a very small average on each draft) and then go back to their usual place in other columns. Now for the explanation. At the trial, one Stanislaus Wodzicki testified that in 1906 and 1907 he was a special employee of the Treasury Department, and that during several months, which he verified from a "dairy" which he had kept, he was on the docks several days each week investigating alleged irregularities. The three days shown above were among those set down in his "dairy." On other occasions when it was shown that special Government officials had made visits to the docks, the same shifting of the differences was to be found. Evidently the manipulators of the springs were not taking any chances when they knew Government officials were present. The shifting in these cases is significant, but even more conclusive is what happened after the eventful November 20. What the table shows before and after that date may be seen in Table III. When the fraud was discovered and the spring taken away, the Company was deprived of its privilege of having a checker in the scale-house. And from that moment the differences between duty weight and purchase weight have been small, first on one side, then on the other.

From the end of 1901 down to November 20, 1907, the differences averaged 13 pounds to the draft, and always, except as has been already explained, against the Government. But after November 20 the differences averaged half a pound to the draft, and, with few exceptions, in favor of the Government. Those differences, moreover, are just

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what would be expected between two weighings on the particular kinds of scales used by the Government and the city weighers.

The evidence which I have described was the basis of the Government's case—the discovery of the spring and the seventeen holes, five of them worn and enlarged by constant use; the reweighing of three drafts of sugar in the presence of the Government agent, two showing significant increase and one an equally significant absence of increase; the figures taken from the Company's own records, showing that in six years the Company paid for seventy-five million pounds of sugar on which it paid no duty.

The main contention of the Sugar Company, brought forward at the trial and still strongly insisted upon, is that, if there was fraud, no director or responsible officer of the Company was concerned in it or had any intimation of it. It was asserted on the Company's behalf that the

PAGE FROM THE TABLES SHOWING DUTY WEIGHTS COMPARED WITH PURCHASE WEIGHTS

In reproducing this page from the tables prepared by the Government attorneys it is not intended that it should be read. It is reproduced merely to show the persistent blank from the beginning of the table down to November 20 in the columns where the excess of the duty weight over the purchase weight would appear if there were any. The break in the tables close to the bottom indicates the moment when the frauds were discovered. The first entry below that break is the cargo of the Strathyre, the ship which was being unloaded when the frauds were discovered. It should be noted also how the blank jumps abruptly from the "Government columns" to the "Company columns" at the moment of the discovery.

Java Invoice Weight Cargoes.

DUTY WEIGHTS compared with PURCHASE WEIGHTS.

ALL DISTRICT NO. 4 ENTRIES OF SUGAR FROM JAVA PURCHASED BY AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING COMPANY OF NEW YORK **on the Consular Invoice Weights.**

IMPORTED FROM JAVA. FROM DEC. 1, 1901, TO OCT. 21, 1908

Date of Entry	Entry Number	Duty repaid (No. 2% for which Co. paid the duty)	Purchase weight (No. 2% for which Co. paid the duty)	Gross Difference between Duty Weight and Purchase weight.	Aud. Variance, [illegible] attributable to differences in Tare, Short Draft, and Methods of Testing and Shrinkage.	Net difference Duty Weight greater than Purchase Weight after adjustment for Variances in Column F2. Net Difference, on the whole entry.	Net difference on each truckload (draft) weighed by U. S. Weigher.	Percentage of net difference to Purchase weight.	Net Difference Duty Weight less than Purchase Weight, after Allowance for variances in column F2. Net Difference on the whole entry.	Net Difference on each truckload (draft) weighed by U. S. Weigher.	Percentage of net difference to Purchase weight.	Number of Truckloads in which the Entry was weighed by U. S. weighers.
A2	B2	C2	D2	E2	F2	G2	H2	I2	K2	L2	M2	N2
1902		lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	%	lbs.	lbs.	%	
Aug. 21	183,731	13,097,849	13,030,508	621,831	200,366				319,185		2½	19.200
25	158,703	9,806,400	9,787,049	309,532	193,741				194,813		1½	14.007
26	160,011	10,972,807	10,726,174	478,777	214,533				939,274		2½	15.537
Sept. 16	166,539	9,820,920	10,105,451	215,231	300,700				113,529		1	15.187
11	169,023	13,691,329	14,338,078	577,090	285,379				362,271		2½	22.158
15	171,256	13,325,114	11,868,976	233,902	237,370				94,858		1	17.705
17	173,169	13,562,924	13,159,188	506,694	264,188				233,022		2½	20.084
22	176,966	9,994,901	9,664,514	341,114	209,477				435,030		4½	14.322
22	177,997	12,965,587	12,901,084	428,077	353,719				69,558		1	19.794
22	178,279	13,984,985	13,660,128	385,163	261,092				194,161		2	20.224
Oct. 1	183,302	10,707,374	11,177,278	370,188	239,751				147,447		2	16.146
1	183,598	14,052,359	13,672,709	720,516	313,455				407,061		2½	23.037
8	189,032	8,190,907	8,542,944	352,837	232,227				120,610		1½	12.010
19	193,359	11,429,489	11,073,748	353,258	239,144				215,744		2	18.118
19	191,888	11,695,020	12,050,880	485,481	271,035				164,440		2	17.264
19	193,520	2,031,395	3,011,680	70,813	62,389				17,424		1	3.699
20	197,640	9,099,730	9,505,985	500,920	280,911				340,018		2½	19.053
22	200,167	14,093,200	13,374,893	448,501	347,060				201,409		2	13.757
23	201,022	10,709,427	11,202,320	471,893	359,845				218,048		2	19.497
28	204,452	12,839,960	13,486,875	646,876	382,177				304,699		2½	20.162
31	206,382	14,162,163	14,677,954	577,673	393,501				283,791		2	17.390
Nov. 7	212,473	8,082,137	9,457,228	474,591	316,196				158,395		1½	13.994
14	218,336	13,080,453	13,639,084	568,371	382,179				376,395		2½	20.421
18	220,655	9,196,410	9,753,058	549,048	193,691				1359,383		24	14.004
20	222,783	12,071,883	12,545,507	474,624	352,418				121,306		1½	13.535
28	226,911	14,308,893	14,825,486	529,593	399,040				286,644		2½	19.143
Dec. 31	354,178	10,290,771	10,749,646	485,873	259,202				265,480		2½	16.491
1903												
Mar. 9	40,021	9,097,199	10,043,726	619,537	223,208				396,874		24	15.829
Oct. 15	201,844	11,157,848	11,844,464	508,456	282,882				277,570		2½	20.369
Dec. 4	246,616	4,015,181	4,008,166	52,079	83,162				10,810		1	9.000
1904												
Sept. 7	183,400	11,032,006	11,733,883	701,249	235,987				465,262		2½	17.411
10	185,200	13,987,411	14,727,307	740,898	268,740				471,758		2½	19.625
24	195,520	13,204,720	14,125,907	920,737	382,510				538,227		2½	20.469
27	197,071	8,057,709	8,595,752	537,953	199,713				447,241		4	14.962
28	199,744	12,786,547	13,150,586	600,599	347,301				344,385		2½	18.841
Oct. 1	200,233	10,538,343	11,221,234	685,891	227,789				458,102		4	17.620
3	204,669	11,465,655	12,376,435	847,780	250,538				597,242		3½	19.060
7	205,856	12,889,424	13,547,424	650,959	270,998				380,007		3	21.059
13	210,522	10,536,257	11,006,960	748,662	236,957				512,506		4	18.387
15	212,676	10,995,217	10,736,461	785,164	741,004				44,080		3	14.189
17	213,574	13,459,781	14,407,291	947,510	389,443				558,067		3	23.012
19	215,203	14,940,201	15,848,448	902,197	410,829				491,368		3	21.317
20	220,472	13,725,480	14,558,786	833,306	209,305				625,034		3	32.343
Nov. 21	227,409	7,550,281	7,700,509	450,228	151,952				277,960		2½	12.085
21	228,146	12,990,723	13,716,249	725,526	218,767				475,907		3	20.909
9	230,968	9,066,202	9,806,144	560,742	199,220				361,510		2½	18.054
9	230,969	11,284,842	11,932,020	507,178	293,640				337,538		2½	18.232
23	234,738	10,490,161	11,156,786	666,625	257,939				408,686		3	17.457
23	243,196	6,689,259	12,164,819	474,564	148,949				325,614		2½	18.209
Dec. 1	250,847	12,407,364	12,955,189	490,824	266,373				224,451		1½	19.786
1	250,849	9,353,586	9,864,234	510,648	249,284				261,364		2½	18.930
8	255,300	11,811,450	11,942,655	622,194	268,373				353,821		2½	17.457
8	258,373	12,078,941	12,434,399	466,458	292,087				174,371		1	20.396
1905												
Aug. 23	180,607	11,304,309	12,531,087	616,187	250,421				365,766		2½	17.506
25	182,034	10,932,009	10,807,824	479,221	220,693				258,528		1½	16.544
Sept. 1	188,267	11,772,898	12,120,445	347,815	246,898				100,917		1	18.010
1	189,270	13,641,626	14,291,630	649,913	301,826				348,087		2½	20.703
5	190,972	10,084,620	10,999,193	615,162	242,908				372,254		2½	17.169
12	193,466	11,409,079	11,957,209	563,284	263,434				299,850		2½	18.188
18	200,300	11,890,144	12,919,040	579,216	281,491				297,725		2½	18.039
23	206,189	12,856,339	13,429,123	622,553	268,582				353,971		2½	20.732
29	211,503	11,407,082	11,903,174	486,832	293,318				193,514		1½	17.810
Oct. 3	214,027	13,846,372	14,793,768	780,857	296,093				484,764		2½	21.374
9	218,805	11,900,386	12,477,385	570,999	232,010				338,989		2½	19.023
9	219,234	12,818,913	13,410,600	621,686	277,832				343,854		2½	19.058
13	220,722	11,240,961	11,848,686	587,718	239,999				347,719		2½	17.688
13	220,517	11,406,624	11,964,326	504,252	250,926				253,326		2½	17.519
21	226,940	13,059,104	11,959,116	600,665	245,943				354,722		2½	16.433
Nov. 8	246,261	10,390,240	10,790,461	400,348	240,764				159,584		1½	16.464
17	255,340	11,913,975	12,319,518	405,740	277,035				128,705		1	18.320
1906												
Sept. 11	229,834	12,962,052	14,110,811	714,576	398,640				315,936		2½	21.478
19	235,324	13,023,987	13,636,030	519,472	373,596				145,876		1½	20.591
25	239,426	10,995,884	11,407,322	511,438	293,516				217,922		2½	16.698
Oct. 4	243,615	11,287,730	11,873,768	592,018	352,945				239,073		2½	17.403
4	245,192	11,217,400	11,790,524	573,054	349,549				223,505		2½	18.091
10	252,509	13,020,280	13,381,450	610,987	369,307				241,680		2½	21.012
10	252,512	11,920,986	12,462,125	501,225	366,524				134,701		1½	18.457
Nov. 15	262,723	11,947,964	12,454,797	684,547	329,309				355,238		2½	23.054
24	269,241	10,256,311	10,724,601	468,690	240,144				228,546		2	22.698
Dec. 14	310,907	11,997,907	12,003,953	135,990	269,641	14,751	0					11.488
1907												
Sept. 13	240,710	15,268,082	15,725,248	457,166	419,496				37,670	1		23.364
19	248,659	15,994,446	16,396,952	501,905	399,953				477,553	7	1	28.049
27	255,174	11,514,875	11,886,112	371,737	243,499				128,238	7	1	17.906
Oct. 3	259,382	10,033,061	11,384,512	351,451	229,960				1154,549	7	1½	16.045
7	262,630	13,649,774	14,077,232	427,458	287,185				140,273	7	1	19.233
18	272,730	13,565,229	16,127,440	562,201	315,188				247,013	7	1	28.243
29	278,209	10,011,225	15,599,884	580,323	215,094				365,229	11	1½	23.187
Nov. 1	288,877	14,789,959	15,570,096	580,524	234,065				346,459	11	1½	22.249
11	288,187	12,241,050	12,679,232	387,076	249,085				137,991	4		17.798
								Total	36,090,340			
**16	303,276	13,897,109	13,720,209	155,820	393,762	254,042	10					19.918
Dec. 2	318,407	14,488,992	14,614,892	126,000	285,619	159,619	7	1½				20.340
9	325,388	11,073,859	11,073,785	674*	215,742	215,216	13					16.049
1908												
Feb. 3	30,488	9,239,650	9,458,693	219,976	101,041				57,993	1	1	15.045
Aug. 22	178,319	13,823,775	13,990,111	167,336	279,802	112,466	5					21.185
25	172,186	13,394,791	13,562,988	181,827	272,797	90,970	4					19.365
Sept. 8	188,050	14,451,646	14,638,848	187,202	295,056	107,854	4					21.434
16	192,305	13,854,690	13,813,308	204,618	304,617	99,999	1					20.314
Oct. 21	207,711	13,619,239	13,815,997	230,707	295,452	28,728	1					19.939

*Duty weight greater than purchase weight.
**Strathyre.

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fraudulent practices were carried on by the men on the docks for some reason which has not yet been discovered. Against this contention there is little direct evidence to place. But one thing at least is certain. It was the Sugar Company which profited by the frauds. Nearly a million and a quarter of dollars went into the Company's treasury in six years which, if the seventeen holes and the little steel spring (or their equivalent) had not been in use, would have gone into the National Treasury. That sum was sufficient to pay a dividend of almost six per cent on the capital stock of the American Sugar Refining Company of New York (the corporation owning the Havemeyer & Elder refineries) annually during those six years.

The Government also introduced other testimony bearing on this point. It showed that while there were twelve Company checkers on the docks, only six of them were uniformly assigned to the task of checking the Government weigher in the scale-house, where the hole and the spring were. These six received higher pay than the other checkers; and, according to the testimony of a man who was for twenty years in the cashier's office of the Company, they were paid the higher wages secretly. Each employee's pay envelope had the amount of his pay marked on the outside. But in the case of these six the envelope contained more money than the figures on the outside called for. This testimony as to the secret method of paying the higher wages was contradicted by the men who, it was charged, were so paid; but no other evidence was produced from any officer of the Company or from any one in the Company's office to impeach it.

The same witness, who is now a reputable farmer in Connecticut, testified that he had seen Custom-House officers come up into the Company's office and receive money from the Company's cashier. His evidence on this point was absolutely uncontradicted. Another witness who has been for years in the customs service testified that when he came on to the docks about ten years ago as head Government weigher, the Company's dock superintendent, Oliver Spitzer, asked him to go every month to the Company's office and get an envelope from the cashier. This statement was denied by Spitzer, but the Government weigher was unshaken in his assertions.

The American Sugar Refining Company (the parent company) is a ninety-million-dollar corporation organized in New Jersey. It is popularly known as the Sugar Trust. It produces, according to the best estimates, about one-half of the refined sugar used in the United States. Its relation to the American Sugar Refining Company of New York is that the New York company holds the title to the property in that State, but the stock of the latter is owned and its business is done by the New Jersey company, all payments are made from the general treasury of the New Jersey company, and the interests of the two are identical. So, while in fact it is the New York company which was nominally the defendant in this case, it is not beside the mark to say that the Sugar Trust itself was the real defendant.

The Case of the Seventeen Holes revealed that the Sugar Company had been for at least the greater part of a decade engaged in smuggling sugar by the daily use of a fraudulent device. In the six years from 1901 to 1907 seventy-five million pounds of sugar were smuggled, on which the unpaid duties amounted to nearly a million and a quarter of dollars. Since the trial the Government attorneys have notified the Sugar Company that the Government also claims that it was defrauded of duties on shipments of sugar reaching as far back as 1897, and both at the Brooklyn refineries and at the refineries in Jersey City.

This petty larceny from the Government by a great corporation was an exhibition of the low ethical standards which had come to be prevalent in the conduct of great businesses a few years ago. Its prosecution and conviction is only one of many instances of the application of the new spirit which is coming to rule in the relations of great industries to the people and to the Government. It is to be hoped that the new management of the Sugar Trust will carry on its affairs in the new spirit rather than in the old.

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THE SITUATION IN INDIA

BY SIR ANDREW H. L. FRASER, K.C.S.I., LL.D.

LATE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BENGAL

IT is not a light matter to propose to discuss an Indian question. The first thing to occur to one's mind is this: That India is not one country, and there is no such entity as India or "the Indian people." There are many large provinces in India; and it is certainly not saying too much to state that each one of these provinces, at least, is a country different from the other provinces and containing a different people. The languages of the Punjab, of the United Provinces of Bengal, and of Bombay, differ from each other as much as the languages of the Latin nations—Spain, France, and Italy—among themselves; and the languages of Madras and of many of the Dravidian peoples differ as much from those of a number of the other peoples of India as German differs from French. These differences of language are associated with differences in traditions and in history which separate the peoples from one another. This is much lost sight of owing to the fact that the Government of India holds these different provinces together, and that the educated classes are able to communicate with one another, through the whole of India, through the medium of English. However, it is a matter that must not be forgotten in dealing with Indian questions. One has many opportunities of seeing the strength of the differences that exist between the different peoples, and their jealousies, so as to convince him that there is now, and will be for a long time, no Indian nation, and that a man should only speak of that part of India which he knows.

In considering the political situation in India one realizes that there are certain elements of unrest abroad; but it is most important to judge accurately of the limitations of the unrest. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that India is mainly a country of rural villages and of an agricultural community. The large towns contain a very small proportion indeed of the inhabitants; and the industrial classes, apart from the technical workmen who in each village are connected with the village life, are a very small portion of the community. Then, again, it is to be borne in mind that the educated classes, though by no means inconsiderable and not to be ignored, are still a very small section of the population of India. According to the census figures of 1901, the "literates"—and "literate" means possessing simply the smallest capacity for reading and writing—of Bengal, which is probably the most advanced province in India, were 11.06 per cent of the adult population for males, .57 for females, or 5.77 per cent for both classes. To state these figures is to show how very small the educated classes are. The vast population of India, therefore, may be taken to be agricultural; and a large proportion of that to be uneducated.

The unrest is to be found mainly in the following classes. Those who have fixed incomes have, in certain parts of the country, suffered very greatly from the sudden rise in prices of grain and the necessities of life. It is thirty-seven years since I went to India. There were certain places where it was possible at that time to get one hundred and fifty seers of grain for one rupee, where now you can hardly get fifteen. That is because of the sudden spreading of railways all over the country, and the bringing of these remote districts into direct communication with the markets of the world. Economic changes, the introduction of the manufacture of piece goods, and the establishment of factories in India, have very considerably affected certain industrial classes. All this has been favorable to India as a whole; but it has operated on certain classes in a very trying way, as the history of Western nations enables us easily to understand. A third section of the community in which there is some considerable unrest are the educated classes. These feel that through their education they have obtained certain powers which they desire to exercise in the service of the country, or more self-

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ishly perhaps in their own advantage. They are pressing into executive office in the country, or into the legislative councils, which are representative bodies combining with the head of each Province, or with the Government of India, in the administration of the country. It is clear that all these sections of the country which are affected by unrest are comparatively small. The causes which have affected them unfavorably have been, in many cases, only favorable to the agricultural community; and it is beyond dispute that the agricultural community throughout the country is loyal. There is no doubt that in India, as among all ignorant and superstitious peoples, there are many easily excited by any false story or rumor that may be circulated among them; but, on the whole, the agricultural community throughout the whole of India is loyal, and it is loyal because it thoroughly trusts the righteousness and beneficence of the British Government.

One has deep sympathy with those who are affected by economic changes, and not only the Government of India but local governments throughout India are giving sympathetic attention to the means which may be adopted to remedy the pressure upon those with fixed incomes and upon the industrial classes. The unrest among the educated classes also demands the sympathy of the British Government; for that Government has given the education which has led to this awakening and to this unrest; and the education has been given with the very purpose of raising the people and qualifying them to take part in the government and administration of their own country. Queen Victoria, when she took over the government of the country fifty years ago, declared that no person who was otherwise qualified for employment under the Crown should be held to be disqualified on account of race or creed. That this promise has not been forgotten will be manifest from the fact that when I went out to India in 1871 there were only three Indian gentlemen in Bengal holding as high executive office as to draw 400 rupees of salary a month. These were the highest executive offices held by Indians. There are now twenty-three gentlemen holding offices reserved for the Indian Civil Service, and drawing salaries up to 2,250 rupees a month. Not only so, but during my tenure of office as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal the next executive office to my own was held by an Indian gentleman, as senior member of the Board of Revenue. I speak of Bengal, where my latest years of service were spent. This shows that, where men have been found qualified for executive office, they have been appointed to it without any disqualification on account of their race or creed.

As to the councils, there has been a steady improvement in representation for many years, and now Lord Morley has made proposals which will largely increase the Indian element in the councils, bring in more fully the representatives of bodies and of persons with a stake in the country who ought to be represented, and make these councils much more effective in their work and more weighty in their advising of the Government. All this has been done in pursuance of a policy which has been gradually carried out and in accordance with the views of the Government of India and of local governments.

There is one very important distinction that manifestly arises in this discussion, namely, that when it is proposed to put members into legislative councils, what we want to get most of all is a man who represents a certain section of the community which ought to be represented. If he represents that section keenly and effectively, and is fit to fight for its interests, he is the kind of man that is required. It is altogether different with a candidate for the highest executive appointment. He ought not to be the representative of a class. He ought to be able to hold the scales equally between different classes. He ought to be tried as an administrator and proved to be righteous, impartial, and capable. If a man is found qualified in this way, he ought to be appointed whether he is an Indian or not, but the qualities in question are necessary and ought to be insisted upon. It is right to say that where a qualified Indian can be found for high executive office he ought to be appointed; but it is not right to say that a certain high executive office is always to be filled by a Hindu or by a Mohammedan, because a nation is badly governed that is governed by the repre-

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sentatives of the interests of any section whatsoever. As Her Majesty Queen Victoria said, no man should be disqualified for appointment on account of race or creed; but it is surely at least equally true that no man should be appointed to executive office merely on account of his race or creed.

In the above remarks I have endeavored to show the sections of the community to which unrest is mainly confined, and I should like to say briefly that the unrest is very limited in area; the classes which might be affected are not wholly affected, but only portions of them. Even among the educated there are many who are in no way affected by the general unrest of the educated classes in the direction I have indicated. Unrest is to be found more among that section of the educated classes which has no stake in the country than among those that have. Not only is unrest limited in extent, but those who would have recourse to anarchy or to violence, or who really aim at anything like the setting aside of the British Government in India, are an infinitesimal portion of those whose minds have awakened and who may be described as sharing to some extent in the unrest. On the other hand, the vast majority is loyal; and recent incidents have shown that some of them are prepared to go any length, even to give their own lives, in defense of the Government they honor and the friends whom they love. There are a few, but very, very few, who are prepared to go any length in violence; and against these it is necessary to be always watchful, and adopt any measures, however drastic, for putting down the crimes at which they aim; for their object is to set up a barrier between the officers of the Government and the people, and render it impossible for the former frankly and constantly to mingle with the people. When touch with the people ceases on the part of the officers of the Government, when they are unable to extend to the people their confidence and sympathy, it will be time for the British Government in India to cease; for that which has made it possible for that Government to do what has been done in the past to raise and elevate the people has been the mutual good feeling between them, and the intimate acquaintance with the people which the officers of the Government have, as a body, always maintained. In my opinion, the situation in India is far from alarming, and I believe it has greatly improved and will continue to improve, owing to the manner in which crimes of violence have led so many of the people to a true view of the relations which ought to exist between the Government and themselves.

There have been serious and regrettable incidents of late. But it would be foolish to take a pessimistic view of the situation in India. People are mistaken who think that the murders and crimes of violence which have occurred indicate general disloyalty or any general detestation of British authority. They represent that hatred of a ruling power which is common to anarchists all over the world; and they demand the same severe repression. But, by the happy combination of measures of repression with measures of reform, the Government of India has shown to the people its determination to combine justice with courage, and firmness with sympathy; and in this combination will lie, in the future as in the past, the strength of British rule in India.

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A STUDY OF BOSTON

BY A BOSTON WOMAN

ONE of the two classic jokes at the expense of Boston improves with age. It becomes increasingly evident to the observant that Boston is not a city so much as it is "a state of mind." The latest testimony to this fact is Judge Grant's novel, "The Chippendales" (Scribners). In fact, the book shares the peculiarity of the town. It is not so much a novel as a drench of local color, in which the Subway, the much-protected Common, the Tavern Club, the Bacchante, the Art Museum, King's Chapel, the Commonwealth Avenue babies, and the well-known figures of Cambridge oracles and Boston financiers jostle the latest family scandal and the latest feminine cigarette in Boston. Hawthorne said of the work of Trollope that it was as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case with all the inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were being made a study of. Judge Grant has certainly hewn off a piece of actual Boston life. Things so fell out, even as he narrates, in the old town during the last twenty years. But the art of Trollope and Hawthorne and Thackeray and the rest of the Immortals of prose fiction was not simply in making a show out of a fragment cut at random from the structure of society; it consisted first and foremost in selecting and adjusting and combining incident and scene and character so that, although circumstances were never, in fact, so compactly and effectively arranged, all should seem as if it must actually so have happened. A finer skill in the rejection and compression of details would have made of "The Chippendales" a greater novel, more significant than actual happenings, and artistically truer than truth.

But to the student of New England Judge Grant's book brings a large collection of cleverly mounted specimens, both of types and conditions. The very lack of passionate intensity in the book, while it disappoints the lover of moving incidents of field and flood, commends it to the sociologist. The Chippendales embody the old Puritan element in the life of the town; the Averys and their friends, the half-cultivated and socially aspiring newcomers; and Blaisdell, the dominant, money-getting man of State Street, whose control of the market emboldens him to attempt to force a way into the carefully guarded precincts of Boston society. These groups of characters engage in a conflict not of temperaments but of traditions. Melodrama does not lend itself to the situation, but it is not difficult to discern the tragedy which underlies the period when the old order changes, giving place to new.

In the Puritan Commonwealth, as the novelist sees it, the New England conscience plays a prominent part in the scheme of things. It is no respecter of problems. It enforces the rights of the squirrels on the Common, it agonizes over the danger to morals from a gayly dancing nymph in marble, and it makes slaves of its victims by the grim motto, "It is my duty to tell you!" Judge Grant has a keen eye for the absurdities of the indiscriminate application of an inner law. The comment of a Boston woman on a Rembrandt portrait of a Dutch burgher deserves a place in the memory of every visitor to Boston who has encountered self-seriousness, Boston-bred. "'Artistically it is satisfying,' said Mrs. Sumner, 'but ethically I feel a lack! Compare a face like that with Emerson's, for instance. It is deficient in soul!' 'But they were like that,' responded Priscilla, 'just like that—stolid, fat, unimpressionable, if you will.' Mrs. Sumner nodded. 'I admit all that. They were like that. But,' she added in her gentle voice, 'they ought not to have been!'" Since Sir Toby's cakes and ale, there has been no more delightful confusion of points of view. A topsy-turvy world in truth, this world of art and morals! The humorist may help to set it right, or rather to set us right, as we wander in it.

If the Boston standard of art is some-

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times unique, her social requirement is also her own. A definition of "Society," in the American sense of the word, has never been easy. Said a certain notorious editor on the witness-stand, "Society consists of those people whose tastes lead them to join together in social functions." But even with so circular a definition, what shall we say of the veto power against those whose tastes lead them where they are not welcomed by others of like preferences? Nowhere does this question present more complicated and amusing phases than in the Boston which Judge Grant depicts. He sets forth the situation in his best manner. One of its characteristic features is that the height of social ambition is no lofty mountain peak. The bitter cup that an Englishwoman would drink at her failure to be presented at Court is pressed to lips Bostonian by the exclusion of an aspiring daughter from the Friday evening Dancing Class! Here is the day of small things! "Is it true," asked a Beacon Hill mother of the principal of a Boston school, "that you are to have a student from Des Moines this year?" "Yes," replied the teacher. "Oh, then I can't send you my daughter. I shouldn't like her to get to know a girl from Des Moines!" The social status thus early fixed has crystallized into a sort of sublimated village community. One curious custom marking out the Brahmin caste is the constant use of Christian names among the elect. It is a ceremonial—a witness of initiation into sacred mysteries. Even a mature woman may blushingly achieve it. "May I not," said Mrs. Sumner to Miss Avery, "may I not call you Priscilla? We have met so frequently at my sister's—you are such an old friend of my son's—and I have observed that you are interesting yourself in the things in which we are interested." "I wish you would, Mrs. Sumner," said Priscilla—and, behold, she was conscious of being admitted to Boston's inner circle!

The Bostonian characteristic which Judge Grant studies with anxious vision and makes the dominant quality of his hero—almost his destruction, too—is the critical, censorious, hesitating spirit—the constant repression of impulse by discrimination—the Hamlet temper, "the scruple of thinking too precisely on the event." In Judge Grant's not too choice phrase, "Boston is liable to wabble on the spur of the moment." Better, in the summing up of his own shortcomings by Henry Sumner himself, "I am the last person Miss Avery would like to see Mayor of Boston. She would think of me as perpetually picking flaws." Out of this Puritan trait have been made the Mugwump, the Anti-Imperialist, the Harvard Admirer-of-Nothing, whose enthusiasm finds expression in no word more eloquent than "Really, it's not half bad!" He is not an altogether agreeable person to live with, this cool-blooded, serious youth, learned in the proprieties, conscientiously considerate of whether he can afford to marry, yet ready to sacrifice a great fortune to an idea. But he is worth studying, and Judge Grant has spared no pains in his picture of him.

"The Chippendales" emphasizes a profound psychological truth in its treatment of this Puritan type, and points the way by which its strength and even its weakness may be utilized for the service of the modern nation. What shall be done for or with the men who have a conscience instead of a heart, and a critical faculty where the intuitive one ought to be? Boston may easily be "worked up to a fury over nothing;" it may assume as its chief responsibility "to pick flaws"—the smaller the more important. But there is a sovereign remedy for this mind of the destroyer, this carping spirit which constructs nothing and tears down everything. Judge Grant exclaims, and his critics may well echo his cry, "A Cause! a Cause! Wanted! a burning Cause!"

One looks back over the bright moments when Boston has helped write real history, and reads by them her lesson for the future. Lexington and Concord, Brook Farm and Transcendentalism too, the Anti-Slavery agitation and the Civil War, were movements strong enough to waken the sleeping Puritan heart, enlighten the autocratic Puritan conscience, and "fuse doubt in the crucible of fiery action." To-day he who runs may read the folly of dependence on "a legendary virtue carved upon the fathers' graves." But the call of the present is a still, small voice compared with the cries which have roused the Puritan in the past. It

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is still true, moreover, that the crisis waits for men—leaders and followers—men who are willing to live or die as may best win the fight. It remains to be seen whether another Puritan awakening may come at the call of civic need. While the Bostonian of to-day paces the familiar streets and speaks agreeably the familiar names, his city lies in prison. Thousands of her little children are ignorant and stunted. Her slums are haunted by disease and vice. Corruption vaunts itself in high places and virtue sits idle in the seat of the scornful. "The Chippendales" will have done a noble task if it hastens the day when the Bostonian, old and new, brings his zeal, his conscience, his devotion, to the service of his city.

FORGOTTEN FENCE CORNERS

BY ELIZABETH MAURY COOMBS

"I HAVE never believed it led anywhere," argued the red-haired girl.

"Then this is my chance to prove your lack of intuition!" I proclaimed, turning from the highway and driving deliberately down the road of our discussion.

"This lane," I announced, defiantly, "leads to some forgotten city."

"More likely," she grumbled, "to some forgotten fence corner where you will break the buggy when you try to turn around!"

Down in Virginia, where Time is not, where being alive has usurped the place of being well-to-do, the farmer builds his fences or rails alone, arranged at an angle that sometimes by chance is held together a long time; but mostly not by chance alone, but by the creeping poison ivy that comes unbidden in these neglected spots, and, holding the weather-worn rails gently up in its brown, hairy arms, decks them in spring with tenderest green and in autumn with a falling mantle of gold. In these idle corners the blackberry grows undisturbed by the plow. In spite of its catlike scratches, knowing it their friend, here come the birds in springtime. With heads full of architectural plans and with many feminine flutterings, they set about making of this wayside hotel a home echoing with maternal solicitations and merry with the songs of children.

Though driving slowly along this tangled by-road, we had overtaken an old negro on a contemporary mule, whom we questioned:

"Uncle, where does this road lead?"

"Hit go mos' anywhar, Mistis. Ef yer keep on, it'll go ter de stage bridge at Pleasant Green. Dat's nigh on ter fourteen miles."

"Pleasant Green!" I breathed joyously, trying to inspire my companion with my enthusiasm. "The very place we were looking for, Nan!"

"Of course it won't live up to its name," contended my companion in arms.

"It shall justify its name," I grumbled. "We are riding along the Road of Heart's Desire, and I'm not going to pull up at the Inn of Disappointment simply because you say 'Whoa.'"

After driving an uneventful hour, we spied an old brick house with a silhouette walk of tall box trees. Venturing in to ask the way, I peeped in through the diamond-paned windows at the door-side, and saw an old tall clock guarded by a high-back chair. The calm-faced old lady who answered my timid lifting of the brass knocker didn't "rightly know the distance to Pleasant Green, but was certain the stage bridge was fifteen miles away."

"Pleasant Green is backing away with unflattering haste at our approach," I explained guiltily to my companion, fearing her red-haired wrath. "We were a mile nearer when we passed that old man an hour ago."

"In that case we might arrive with more speed by going in the opposite direction. I'm not surprised at your ideal's receding at your advance—it's become a habit with them."

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"Not mine alone," I pleaded; "all of the Ideal family are of a very retiring nature."

We had not made good time, for on the banks were bunches of wild strawberries, and Peggy loved to graze on roadside grass; but now we left off such lingering ways, and in the late afternoon, as I was about to acknowledge a hopeless quest, we came down a mountain side just as the sun was peeping into the western windows of a little town.

"Pleasant Green," I cried, triumphantly, "fenced around by the mountains from all the winds of the world!"

Descending, we crossed the stage bridge on the outskirts of the village, and came upon a preacher in a long black coat, topped off by a Mexican sombrero. He was minding his flock and whitewashing his fence at intervals. He paused and looked at us in a ruminative way as we rattled along the little street.

The white houses on either side had withdrawn in seemly fashion deep into their cool green yards. Flat gray stones formed an intermittent pavement on each side, the wild white violets, still snowflaked with bloom, disputing at each step the right of way with them.

Peggy did not pause until at the top of a little rise we came to a shady old locust tree, from one of whose branches swayed a swinging sign telling us, on a blue background, that we had reached the old "Two Roads" Tavern.

A man on a porch of the red brick house untilted his chair from its highly dangerous angle. From his leisurely air we right'y judged him the husband of a landlady. Calling a little boy to take our horse, he welcomed us with easy but not enthusiastic hospitality, and after remarking in an offhand way that some one would show us a room, he retilted his chair with a careful exactness, and resumed his arduous task of listening for the supper bell.

From the opposite porch a young lady at the rival hotel had observed our approach, and, coming over, did the honors of the house, to my companion's amusement, with grace; taking us to our rooms, and "hollerin'" to a little colored girl in the back yard to "Tote these ladies up a bucket of fresh water, Cindy," she left us, remarking, "I'll be back after supper, when you are ready to see company."

When the wind came cool from the hills, we walked around the little town. Discovering that there were no sights to be seen, we returned in due thankfulness to the tavern—there to help our host in an amateurish way with his listening, and, when our work was ended successfully, went with him down into a brick-floored basement dining-room.

Then and there we acknowledged him a wise man. (There is always a vast amount of worldly wisdom stored up in the inner man of the husband of a landlady. He has accomplished so much by marriage.) For the fried chicken and hot rolls of his wife's making were as perfect of their type as he of his.

In due time we found his wife to represent her type perfectly also. She had translucent, unsteady hands; her brown hair, parted meekly above her blue-veined forehead, touched just the next note in the scale of the character that had formed in early youth "an ideal love match" and accepted the consequences!

Supper over, we again followed our host—his usual sedate walk having quickened into a string-halted canter at the thought that some one might usurp his throne of grace before he could drop into it and relax his tired muscles. We sat down on the steps, and the traveling dentist (our only fellow-lodger), who came once a year to spend a well-remembered week at Pleasant Geen, joined us.

After the dishes were washed, our landlady's young daughter, who had recently emerged from the pretty roundness of yellow, curly-haired childhood into the painfully conscious estate of fifteen, drifted out to treat with grave indignity the felicitations of the dentist. Had I my desire, I would be a hangman by profession rather than a dentist, because then the people I have killed would be buried, and not roaming around waiting to receive my mild jokes with a stern and spiteful silence.

Meanwhile, the supper things being put away, the landlady herself, in a weary gray calico, came out and quietly crouched down on the steps.

The very recently married daughter and her sturdy young husband came up the little street, he with a wooden water-

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bucket on his arm, the well in our back yard (with two buckets on its clanking chain) being the source of the village supply.

There was not a street lamp anywhere. Gray twilight was stealing down from the high peaks that circled the little town.

"The chorus of villagers will now come on the stage," breathed my friend to me, rather scoffingly, "just as in the light opera scenes, with the Alps in the background."

We didn't see them come; our position on the steps was just suddenly surrounded. We were not introduced, but they made us one of themselves, and soon we knew not only their names, but their home life, their friends, and I am not certain but that we could have passed a creditable examination upon the maiden names of their mothers. They were nice girls in white dresses; their faces were scarcely visible, but the soft, throaty voices, the gurgling laughter, ending in a high ecstatic peal of merriment, dissolved any doubt of their being any other than Virginians.

We listened, hearing once or twice grave mention of one Isaac, whose absence from the family circle seemed a matter of regret.

"I certainly did miss him this evening," sighed Maud, "when we went after strawberries."

"Is he better to-day, Miss Lizzie?" put in a young man. "When I saw Dr. Evans, he said you were right uneasy about him."

"Yes, he seems easier this evening," answered Lizzie, and added, with a tinge of family pride in her tone, "Isaac just stood there as good as a preacher, and let the doctor bandage him. He always was brave and patient."

We wondered who Isaac was, and as all the town seemed gathered on the steps with us, who had been left at home to smooth his pillow and administer his unwelcome pill at the unaccepted time? But, leaving the sad subject, Lizzie exclaimed cordially, "I am so glad you-all came to Pleasant Green, and can see it as it really is!"

"So are we," responded my friend, warmly, but with a note of slyness. "The place and its people are charming."

"If I could live anywhere in this world I chose," said Maud, decidedly, "I wouldn't leave Pleasant Green!"

"Well, I reckon you wouldn't!" chimed the chorus.

"But you-all really ought to stay over in Pleasant Green till Court Day," protested Maud, hospitably, "if you want to see a sho' 'nough crowd."

"Don't you remember last Court Day," mused Lizzie, "how funny poor old Isaac was. He seemed to just wake up in a good humor that mornin'."

"Yes," rejoined a young man, "and he seemed to take a fancy right off to that strange young lawyer from over in the Valley. I saw him meet him by the pond. I was surprised to see him walk right up to a stranger and offer to show him round town as polite as a basket of chips; 'cause Isaac is generally mighty reserved with strangers."

"That man didn't attract me a bit," Lizzie announced, with a decision we did not yet divine a reason for. "He didn't seem to appreciate Isaac at all"—turning to us indignantly—"wanted to shoo him out of the dinin'-room at the hotel when he went in to dinner with him. Poor ole Isaac!" she chuckled. "He meant all kindness when he took him by the coat-tail and led him back to the Court House."

They all laughed at the delightful recollection, and Nan, unable to stand the suspense any longer, asked, "Who is Isaac?"

"Isaac!" exclaimed Lizzie in tones of wonder at such ignorance; "why, he's my pet goose, and I reckon he's the smartest goose in Virginia."

Maud, not to be outdone, agreed condescendingly, "Yes, Isaac is a smart goose, but he never could hold a candle to Georgie for smartness. She"—explaining to us ignorant strangers—"was my little pet pig. I named her after my brother-in-law," she added, pleasantly. "Everybody said she favored him round the lower part of her face. I used to bathe her every day; then I'd take her out callin' with me—that is," with rather a significant look around and a slight accentuation of the next words, "I took her wherever people were polite to her!"

And when my friend inquired, "How does one show politeness to a pig out calling?" she replied, "Well, the polite

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people brought her out a nice bowl of bread and milk; then I would take her again."

Sometimes in the recesses of the conversation there came a faint tinkle of music like a runaway sheep bell. Soon people began to go by—country folk by twos and threes, men and their wives separated by three yards or so of space, as is the decorous country custom. So one of our party proposed that we adjourn and go to the merry-go-round about half a mile away. And that was the runaway sheep bell. It was playing "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie," and this romantic strain so inspired the victim of "the ideal love match" that she rose from the step, wakened her little boy of six, who was sleeping audibly on the hall sofa, and directed him hurriedly, "Go next door, honey, and see after Mrs. Smith's baby while we-all go to the Mary-go-round."

Everybody went then down the road in the darkness and the dust. Each of us mounted the horse of our choice, and we rode far and well. My black, a mettlesome brute, in some tournament long forgotten, had lost an ear, while my friend's mount, a "red roan steed of steeds," had a moth-eaten mane and tail.

The lightwood torches smoked and flared, but illumined the stolid face of the mountaineer who rode a zebra for the prize, and rode as if for life and love. No Knight of Arthur's Round Table ever set out in search of the Holy Grail with a more rapt and serious face. To the praise of the judges, he gained the prize. Without elation he accepted the reward in silence, knowing it to be his due—it was a dollar—and, never dismounting from his striped steed, that true sportsman sat his horse and rode it out.

The proud owner of the merry-go-round told us an instance of his profession.

"These here mountain folks," he boasted, "will ride out their last cent. A few nights ago a man and his family came down here to town, leading a cow and calf. They hitched her to a post, all of 'em got on and told me to let them ride out the value of that thar cow and calf!"

We were tired from our journey, not to speak of a slight stiffness resulting from our horseback ride, and tried tentatively to persuade our landlady to dismount and come home, but she, with natural reluctance, demurred, the traveling dentist having presented her with a quarter's worth of tickets. So, with a smile for him and a bow for us, she rode away in the music and light, while we returned in the shadowy darkness to the little town sleeping in the care of the valiant Henry and Mrs. Smith's baby.

Soon reinforcements came, however, for while we sat a moment on the steps Mr. Smith appeared over the brow of the hill that led into the town, solemnly bearing, to our everlasting delight, a brightly burning Rochester lamp, and followed by his safe and happy family.

The next morning, while looking out into the back yard, where some dishonorable chickens were picking the last of a sparse lettuce crop, I saw two pigs of portly form standing on their hind legs in their pen, squealing fluently, for breakfast maybe, or maybe from pure piggishness, but I have since thought they might have been feeling the undercurrent of excitement diffusing itself through the stillness of Pleasant Green.

But we knew nothing of it until, coming down stairs, we heard that a runaway couple had come in hurried search of the preacher, who, parson-wise, had ridden away on a circuit ride and might not return until night. Then what of the bridegroom's feelings? He who must endure the eyes of all Pleasant Green fastened admiringly and yet persistently upon his orange-colored kid gloves, and glued to his long black coat, with all the wide-eyed children grouped about the wonderful "hack" which had brought them so safely, so swiftly away from the pursuing parents, only to fling them aside at Pleasant Green a prey to the vagaries of a country parson!

The news scattered; the hearers gathered. The preacher's wife sent scouts everywhere the compass pointed, only to have them return baffled still by the reverend runabout. And the wedding-day for the happy couple wore wearily on.

Messengers came at short intervals to the hotel bringing latest bulletins, as if from the bedside of a martyred President. "She's out of the hack," they panted; "gone in the house with the preacher's wife." "Sure enough she don't look half as worried as he does. He's just walking

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up and down with his hands behind his back."

This was interrupted by an important courier. "John Henry's just come back and says his pa ain't been to South Ridge—so now!"

About sunset a little boy came running to say the preacher was coming down the Long Hill. We watched him—silent and slow his progress seemed, for we had much leisure after we arrived, breathless, to observe his sombrero silhouetted against the yellow evening sky. In spite of our early arrival, we were apprehensive lest we should not be invited to the wedding; but one of the girls was "related to the groom's grandmother's first cousin by marriage," and, blood being much thicker than water in Virginia, she so used her influence that we, and all the population, were admitted to see the patients.

We waited long, but not silently, in the stuffy little parlor. While the landlady in one corner added blissful tears to the festivity, as is the habit of elderly ladies under stress of merriment, her husband related the superiority of "the old-fashioned weddin'" to the modern marriage.

"Before the war," he wheezed, "it took two days to marry 'em good, and then we had the infar, and the bride came down in a sky-blue silk, and we had duck hash for breakfast!" Having laid this wreath on the grave of the good old times, he relapsed into silence, and we gazed with whetted appetites on the portrait of luscious fruits that adorned the walls. One family group was of special interest to me; the pink profile of a watermelon was almost a cruelty to weak human nature in the truth of its delineation.

The preacher's wife came in to apologize for the lamp. It would smoke, but it was very ornamental, with a bouquet of red roses and blue forget-me-nots on the china shade, and its feet warmly embedded in the deep moss of a variegated worsted mat.

"I've been right down upset all this blessed day," she puffed; "for the bride's been sick as a dog with a spinnin' headache!"

The wives of Methodist ministers incline to roundness and romance—two of the most charming traits of youth, with poor keeping qualities. This one was no exception.

"There ain't a livin' soul to stand up with them, so I'll just have to do it myself," she clucked kindly, like a motherly hen. Fortunately, the position of bridesmaid is an overshadowed one, for the parson's wife did not fill it beautifully, though fully. She was neatly incased in her best black alpaca, made with a basque pointed both as to back and front, but the backward point had a wayward way of standing up and out, that to one of a less religious turn of mind would have proved disquieting. On her arm she dandled, with a dexterity born of long and vigorous practice, the last little feather she and the parson had plucked from the wing of Love. It was about four months old, of the color and consistency of biscuit dough. Two little boys fought without cessation over a chair in the corner; a little girl with fat cheeks clung to the black alpaca foliage of her mother; while the two-year-old, who had learned to say "Da-da!" practiced his accomplishment zealously in the next room.

The preacher (after the usual brief and ludicrously inadequate description of the pitfalls of married life to the groom) led, with his wife and the last feather, the bridal procession, closely followed by the parties in favor of annexation, whom he questioned loftily, as follows:

"Brother Thomas, wilt thou have Sister Lily for thy wedded wife?"

Thomas agreeing to the proposition with becoming but belated alacrity, he repeated his remark to "Sister Lily," and when she whispered her consent to the arrangement we added our heartiest congratulations and returned to the hotel.

Next morning, after resisting with difficulty the pressing invitations of Maud and Lizzie, we went into the Open Road, past the banks of wild strawberries, alongside the hedges of sweetbrier roses, where the clematis had hung its dew-wet sheets of bloom to dry. Down to the little streams we drove, where the wild honeysuckle was spreading her green tents, up the hill to sight the smoky blue mountains, and then along the winding way that leads to the Land of Anywhere

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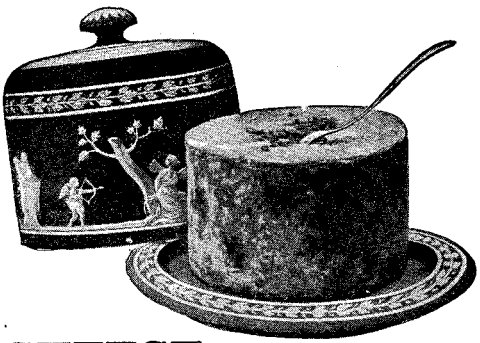

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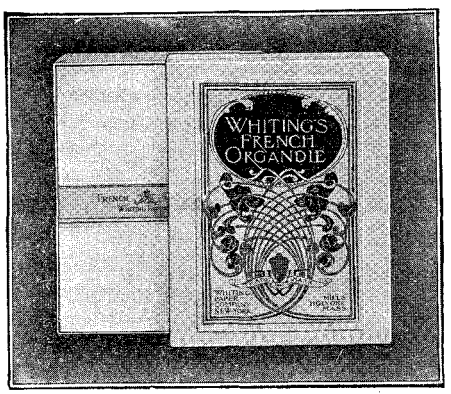

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